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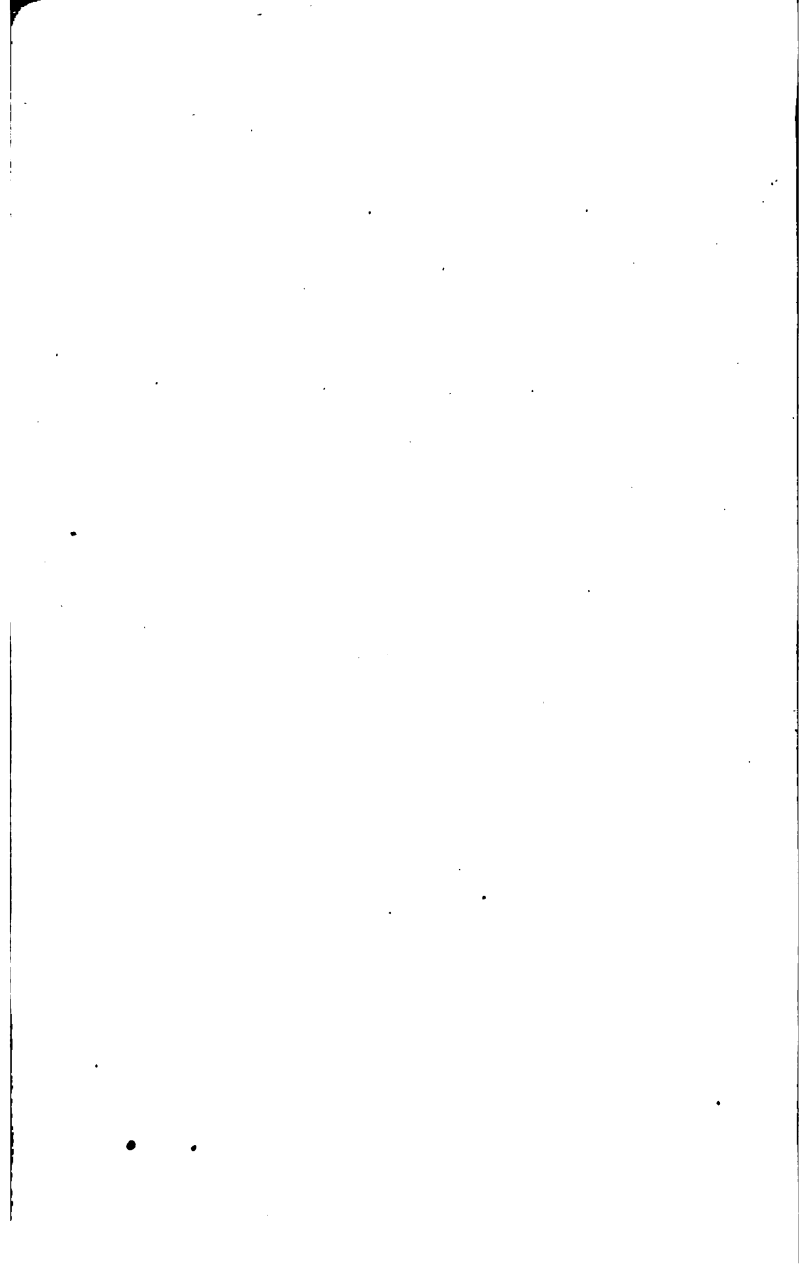
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J. H. Markland
from his obliged friend
John. Anderson.
King Charles's Restoration
1850.
—

John Lavicount Anderson

THE
RIVER DOVE

WITH SOME QUIET THOUGHTS ON
THE HAPPY PRACTICE OF
ANGLING



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1847

Ἑρασμὴ ΠΕΛΕΙΑ,
Πόθεν πόθεν πέτασσαι;
Πόθεν μύρων τοσούτων
Πνέεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;
Anacreon, Ode IX.



TO THE READER.

Sir,

THE book I here present to you was put into the Printer's hands for the entertainment of a few Gentlemen Fishers ; and I hope you take a pleasure in the harmless recreation of Angling, otherwise I may not hope you will overlook its defects. I heartily wish it were a more worthy tribute to the memory of those best masters of our art, Mr. Izaak Walton, and Mr. Charles Cotton :

‘ ALAS, THAT THEY ARE DEAD !’

But I beseech you to be civil, and moderate in your censures ; for I undertook those pleasant walks, to which I here invite you, by the banks of the DOVE (now ten years are past) to unbend my mind from some serious cares. And that I may not detain you from the perusal, I have only this

To the Reader.

*further to desire,—that we may all have a south
wind when we go a-fishing,—and be blest with a
virtuous cheerful spirit, a peaceful conscience, and
at last eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of angels.*

Your loving friend

and humble servant,

J. L. A.

From my House at ———

Festival of St. Peter, 1687.





THE RIVER DOVE;

WITH SOME QUIET THOUGHTS ON THE
HAPPY PRACTICE OF ANGLING.

CHAPTER I.

*A Meeting at Derby, between an Angler
and a Painter.*

Painter.



WELCOME, Mr. Gentleman Angler : welcome to Derby.

Angler. Good morrow, brother, I am glad to see you look so cheerful and courteous ; for I must confess I am later than our fix't appointment.

Painter. Sir, now I possess you, I'm too glad-hearted to chide your lagging : yet, to say the truth, I expected you this hour ago ; for methought your sprightly anglers were apt to

prevent the sun's rising on a delicate May morning.

Angler. Give me your pardon this turn, and doubt not to find me stirring with the lark every day that you and I purpose to walk in each other's company by the banks of the Dove.

Painter. My pardon you shall have the more willingly, if you fail not a traveller's good stomach for breakfast.

Angler. You may trust me. I am as keenly set as a moss trooper.

Painter. I am glad to hear it, for I have told the civil hostels to treat us well.

Angler. You are worthy to be a brother of the angle; and this I am resolved you shall be when we are come to the river that I love so well:—but let us see what we may have for our breakfast, and fall to it merrily.

Painter. Here it is, and all of the best; so let us say grace, and begin.

Angler. With all my heart;—and that will give it a relish.

Painter. How now, brave Sir! What say you?

Angler. By pick and pie 'tis all excellent. When I am Lord Great Chamberlain you shall be my caterer. Come, Sir, for a glass of

ale ; my service to you. Now I envy not the daintiest court gallants in the land, that are asleep on their beds of down.

Painter. I am amazed how some sluggards will lie a-bed almost till dinner time.

Angler. They know none of the ingenuous delights of fishermen. So let us bless God, that we have not only a mind to rise with the sun, but the power to it, for that is still better. And, as plain-hearted Mr. Walton says, ‘ that our present happiness may appear to be greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me, how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and the tooth ache, and this we are free from ; and every misery that I miss is a new mercy.’

Painter. And how many are now languishing in the sad captivity of dungeons, ‘ feeding on bread of affliction, and water of affliction.’ —But, come ; tell me how it has fared with you, since we parted from each other’s company, now two days ago, when you resolved to entertain yourself with some hours fishing in the lower parts of the River Dove, near to the town of Uttoxeter.

Angler. That I will relate to you by and by, as we journey towards Ashbourne ; and be-

cause the morning wears apace, let us take another cup of barley wine and be gone; for we have some hours, and many more miles, on this side Alstonfields, where you and I must lodge to-night.

Painter. It is well thought; so Mistress Hostess here is payment for your choice breakfast, and thanks for your civility, and so we wish you good morrow. — And now, brother, seeing we are past Derby Bridge, and are come out of the town, look forth on the freshness of the landscape, and the dewdrops that hang on every blade and bush, sparkling in the beams of the sun.

Angler. What happy thoughts possess a man's mind when he breathes the air of the morning, and contemplates the bounties of nature!

Painter. Aye; then the heart is full of unspeakable thoughts that soar upward from earth to heaven, and so higher still on the spiritual wings of reverential love unto HIM, who is above this vault so beautiful, so vast, and is the Creator and Sustainer of all.

Angler. And listen to the very song-birds chirping their untaught morning harmony to God, who '*causeth the day-spring from on high to know his place.*'

Painter. This simple feathered choir teaches mankind to be cheerful, and to sing joyful psalms, and to make melody in their heart to the Lord : nay, what can be pleasanter than to do this, ‘*when the very morning stars sing together.*’ And what says even the learned heathen, Epictetus ? *—‘If we have any wisdom, what is more becoming in public and in private, than to sing hymns to the Deity ? If I were a nightingale, I should do as the nightingales do—if a swan, as the swans ; but because I am a reasonable creature, I must the rather praise God. So I will never leave that practice myself, and I do exhort all others to it.’—And now give me leave to put you in mind to tell me something of your lonely walks round about Uttoxeter, that we may beguile the way with cheerful conversation between this and Ashbourne.

Angler. That I shall willingly do : and first, you are to know, I passed by the great forest of Needwood, that has some of the pleasantest chases and parks in all England, and is so full of marvellous big oaks and fat bucks ; then, after Needwood I came to Tutbury.

Painter. Indeed !

* Arrian. Epiēt. l. 1. c. 16.—ED.

‘The battle was fought near Titbury town,
‘When the bagpipes baited the bull?’*

Angler. Come, Sir, if you have that choice ballad by memory, pr’ythee let us hear it.

‘Kind gentlemen, will ye be patient awhile?
‘Aye, and then you shall hear anon,
‘A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
‘And of his man, brave little John.’

Painter. Some parts I could repeat; but rather let me hear of your walk from Tutbury: and pr’ythee when thou wast thereabouts, didst
‘demaunde one bacon flyke, hanging in the
‘Halle of the Lord of Whichenovre?’†

Angler. Nay—do you take me for a Benedick? Let the flyke be claimed by the wondrous wight that ‘would not chaunge his
‘wife for none other, farer ne fowler,

* ‘A new ballad of bold Robin Hood; showing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent.’—ED.

† See Plott’s History of Staffordshire, p. 437, for an account of the primitive right to claim the Flyke of Bacon, which Sir Philip de Somerville was bound to keep hanging in his Hall, in token of his fealty to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancafter, for the manors of Whichenovre and others. The same custom prevails at Dunmow in Essex.—ED.

‘ryther ne pouver of alle the wymen of the
‘worlde.’

Painter. And how is his highness, the ‘king
of the minstrels?’ *

Angler. Gone to his rest, with brave John
of Gaunt, and the Prior of Tutbury. Alas !
since the roundheads once kept watch and
ward in Tutbury Castle, the merry minstrelsy
is hushed in the hall. But now you may con-
sider me to be arrived in the town of Uttoxeter,
full of composed thoughts, and there I found a
tidy house of refreshment, and put myself to
bed betimes, that I might be away before the
day dawn ; and so I was, and let me tell you
my first waking thoughts, after remembering
my prayers, were of the River Dove, and my
happy practice of angling.

Painter. That indeed was natural, and I
make bold to think you caught some brace of
trouts before breakfast ?

Angler. Not so, brother ; for you are to note

* No doubt, in allusion to the Charter granted in
1381, by John of Gaunt, to the troop of minstrels
maintained at Tutbury Castle, in that time of its splen-
dour. The chief was appointed by the title of ‘King
of the Minstrels ;’ and he had wardens and other offi-
cers under him to maintain the rules of the Fraternity,
and to levy fines for any disorders.—*Plott’s Hist.*—ED.

every angler must needs be blest with a hopeful and patient disposition, since he may sometimes look to come home as he went forth, that is to say, with an empty pannier—

Painter. As the reward of his patience ! Well, patience is an herb, they say, makes a ‘good boiled sallad:’ why, Sir, an angler need to be ‘Patience on a monument,’ that he may sit silently by the river, and look down at nothing but his float.

Angler. Well ! I give you leave to censure, since you know none of those sweet pleasures that attend on angling : and I remit you to Mr. Izaak Walton, ‘that dear lover and frequent practicer of my art,’ for many clear reasons and examples to prove that it may be esteemed one of the most honest and commendable recreations a gentleman can practise.

Painter. A hopeful entertainment, truly ! Nevertheless, I cannot but smile at your dumpyish anglers that wait so meekly for their fortunes, as to seem fixed with all the gravity of sculptured images on the margin of their streams.

Angler. So, so ! good brother, you may smile and wonder too ; nay, I will laugh with you, and after that will not be ashamed to confess how I am possessed with a constant love of

my gentle craft. But for the present let me bring your thoughts towards the Dove, near to Uttoxeter.

Painter. Aye, let us hear more of that ; then you made some contemplative trial of the trouts ?

Angler. But it was all in vain ; for the wind was contrary, and they took no liking to my flies, and so I missed my sport : but I hope for better acceptance the next time I go a-courting that way.

Painter. Then I beseech you, gentle Mr. Angler, how did you pass the hours, since the trouts, out of their coyness, declined from your acquaintance ? If I might conjecture, you straightway fell into a consideration of Master Izaak Walton's praise of fishes and fishing.

Angler. And if I did ? Give me leave to tell you, he hath set forth the delights of this recreation with such refined and ingenuous arguments, as to persuade many a man to become a fisher, who was before very averse to it. Nay, I shall hope to make you put on new thoughts of angling before we part company ; for, of all men, limners have most cause to love my art, seeing they may recline by the side of a lake or river, and leave their angle-rods 'to fish for themselves,' and this Mr. Walton de-

clares, and truly, to be 'like putting money to 'use; for then these angle-rods work for the 'owners when they do nothing but sleep, or 'eat, or rejoice'—

Painter. Or paint pictures!

Angler. Even so: and I may declare to you I have seen such pleasant prospects of woodlands, and rivers, and streams, that have flowed along the valleys and through many a mead in England, when I have been a-fishing, as the best limner might desire to look at; and yet not be able to imitate with all his daintiness of hand. And some of these I made a discovery of, within a little mile or two round Uttoxeter, by the banks of the Dove; for seeing I was not like to fish to profit, I considered within myself what I should do; and after a while I resolved to examine into those parts of the river, and so be admitted into a more familiar acquaintance with its landscapes.

Painter. Well thought; and I declare to you I am ready to esteem it my loss that I was not in your company.

Angler. There are many parts thereabouts would have touched you mightily: for nature, that is so excellent an artificer, hath contrived her works on either side the river with a most unimitable disposition and skilfulness. And

you are to note, the river I speak of is the Dove ;

‘ Whose dainty grasse,
‘ That grows upon her banks, all other doth surpasse,’

as old Michael Drayton * declares : and thereabouts I found the Churnet, that gives her the contribution of its streams, and is contented to receive nothing from her in exchange but her speckled trouts,—and this for the sweet satisfaction of an attendance upon her, till her espoufals with the Trent below Eggington. Then I may not omit to mention that pleasant river the Blythe, whose fountains spring up near to the ‘ancient castel’ of Caverfwall, gathering strength as she flows along by the Earl of Derby’s great park and Castle of Chartley, and then

‘ Bears easely down tow’rds her deere soveraign Trent.’

Painter. Blythe ! the very name is full of promise ; and I doubt not her banks are lined with prospects of mountains and vales.

Angler. All variegated with moorlands and woodlands ;—such alluring scenes for an angler or a painter, and so decked by nature’s hand as to be little spots of enchantment, which caused

* Drayton’s Polyolbion : Song 12, p. 207.—ED.

me a double sorrow that you were not my fellow traveller : and I resolved I would some time or other see those landskips again, if it should please God to let me live long enough, and give me the diversion of some leisurable days.

Painter. Your commendations of the Dove inflame my desires to make acquaintance with her streams ; and I rejoice that I am now like to do this in your company ; and I beseech you tell me something more of the Churnet, that joins itself thereabouts to the Dove.

Angler. That would I willingly, if time might serve ; but we are come within sight of Brailsford.

Painter. Then make me this promise, that we may beguile some future hours together by those lower passages of the Dove, and see where she discharges herself into the Trent.

Angler. Let that be a match between us ; and I promise you nothing can be pleasanter for an artist than the lights and shadows of their umbrageous banks, and the pastures, and lowing herds by the river, and the native cascades and rocks, and the peaceful villages with antient churches, that lend their aid to the composure of those retired prospects.

Painter. How did you call this pleasant looking place we are come to ?

Angler. Now you are arrived at Brailsford ; and there is the Saracen's Head, that is kept by honest John Bembridge ; this way, so please you ; and look, here is a well of water, called St. Bernard's Well, so like to chrystal, that almost a blind beggar may see the pebble stones at the bottom.

Painter. It is surprisingly clear.

Angler. Then, I beseech you, take your pencil, and give me a design, in remembrance of this pleasant walk we have undertaken together.

Painter. I cannot deny any request of yours, for I have left my home for no other end than the satisfaction of your company and civil discourse, and to give you in return all the contentment that my poor art is capable of.

Angler. Why that's heartily and kindly spoken ; and I will be so bold to promise you some entertainment on our journey ; for, look you, here is the newest impression of Mr. Walton's COMPLETE ANGLER, and here is *Part the Second*, that is lately printed for a companion to it.

Painter. Indeed ! another volume from the fertile pen of Mr. Izaak Walton ! what more that is new can he have to say on Angling ?

Angler. Stay a while ; for this is a Treatise

of Fly Fishing, '*being Instructions how to angling for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream,*' writ by Mr. Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall, his adopted son; so they are printed together in testimony of their mutual affection. It is a cheerful dialogue between *Piscator Junior*, that is, Mr. Charles Cotton himself, and *Viator*, who was a gentleman-traveller he overtook on horseback, between Derby and Ashbourne, half a mile from this place. And if these two treatises together do not kindle in your mind a love for the art, I am certain you will at least gather from the perusal a charitable disposition towards anglers.

Painter. It would be uncivil to deny Mr. Cotton's merits before I have read his treatise; and for Mr. Walton, I may confess he has a singular vein of wit and affability, and some parts of his other works, that I have dipped into, are writ with so happy a pen, and are so full of judicious discourse, as testify to his modest disposition, and exact diligence and discernment.

Angler. I'm glad you think so.

Painter. But surely it cannot be denied, that he hath sometimes spun a long line for the readers of his discourse on fishing?

Angler. Yet are his lines spun with a curi-

ous magical contexture of learning and wit, to allure his readers no less than to deceive all kinds of fishes ; for his book extremely abounds with innocent mirth, and what is better than all, you may not deny that in every part he discourses sweetly on the unseen world, and things after death.

Painter. There is not a doubt he hath a thankful and reverential heart.

Angler. Aye, and is an orthodox christian, that loves our dear mother THE CHURCH, her primitive orders of apostolic ministry and government, her holy sacraments and her service book, which are even now a mark for the butt-shafts of unquiet carking separatists, who dispute against the laws both ecclesiastical and civil.

Painter. Oh ! I am grieved to think how those censurers be so full of their own whimsies, and unconformable to discipline, that if you spoke to them with angels' tongues they would not be persuaded to hold to the Catholic Church in England, which learned Lord Bacon declares to be as sound and orthodox in the doctrine thereof as any church in the world.

Angler. True,—and Mr. Walton is of the same opinion : and some of his writings are choice pieces of christian philosophy ; and a

life of innocency, and his modest peaceableness of mind have endeared him to many of our most grave and pious prelates now living.

Painter. Nevertheless for his COMPLETE ANGLER it is pleasant to see with what seriousness he dilates on the antiquity and other qualities of his art. He is like Master Shakespeare's dauphin in a panegyric on his palfrey. 'When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes—'

Angler. 'No more, cousin,' I beseech you.

Painter. 'Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him.'*

Angler. Ha—ha—ha! would my dear master were by to defend his poor jennet.

Painter. Well, well; I would not deny

* Henry V. Act III. Scene vii. ED.

him the privilege of riding astride on his hobby horse, seeing how the greatest scholar of the last age composed a panegyric on Folly, and made a dedication of it to Sir Thomas More, that wife Chancellor of England.

Angler. Since I perceive how you are resolved to run at tilt against poor, civil, honest anglers, I will forbear, and '*study to be quiet*,' after the example of my master, who, if he has not the meekness of Moses, (and that I will not declare,) yet is the meekest man I know of in this disputing age.

Painter. Nay, brother, I did but jest: and doubtless Mr. Walton is a man of primitive piety, for his lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, venerable Mr. Richard Hooker, and Mr. George Herbert, could only be composed by one of like religious affections with those memorable men.

Angler. And call to mind that picture he has drawn of Dr. Donne's last sickness that ended in his death.

Painter. I remember the words, how he declares that good man was at length 'so happy 'as to have nothing to do but to die;' and how 'he lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his 'hourly change, and in the last hour of his last 'day, as his body melted away and vapoured

‘ into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, “ *I were miserable if I might not die ;*” and how afterward, being speechless, and seeing heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, look steadfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his Father, and being satisfied with this blessed sight, his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him.’ For he was so rooted and grounded in celestial love, he shook the king of terrors, and disarmed him of his sting, and the dark grave was shorn of his victory.

Angler. True; for he had long had his blameless conversation in heaven: he was a spiritual soldier that had quenched all the fiery darts of the mysterious wicked one by the shield of faith, and now, like holy Paul, he yearned to be released from things below, and to take part in the invisible harmonious choirs in heavenly places. And what a natural picture of primitive manners Mr. Walton hath drawn in his life of the ever-memorable Mr. Hooker, who, when he was in his eighteenth year, and as soon as he was perfectly recovered from a dangerous sickness at Corpus Christi College in Oxford, took a journey to Exeter, to satisfy

and see his good mother, who in all that time of his sickness had ‘in her hourly prayers as earnestly begged his life of God, as Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, did, that he might become a true Christian.’

Painter. I have never read, or have forgot that journey of his.

Angler. Well then, I may tell you, he walked from Oxford unto Exeter, ‘with a companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility, made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop’ (that was Bishop Jewel, his constant and dear patron and the bestower of an annual pension for his comfortable subsistence;) ‘and the good bishop made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: and at his parting the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard’s return, the bishop delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany,’ and he called it ‘his horse which had carried him many a mile

'with much ease.' And he said, *'Richard, I do not give but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter: and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God blefs you, good Richard.'*

Painter. I may promise you I shall remember that pilgrimage on foot of 'good Richard,' to his poor mother's house at Exeter, and the bishop's walking-staff and his blessing, and his so nigh-forgotten groats.

Angler. And so in Mr. Walton's COMPLETE ANGLER you will find many passages that exhibit his own serenity of mind, and such touches of rural life as will requite you for the pains of reading: but now let me see the picture you have drawn of Brailsford Well.

Painter. Here it is.

Angler. I declare 'tis simply and clearly designed.

Painter. I perceive you are resolved to be

gentle with my first essaye ; but I am glad it contents you, and now let us be going.

Angler. With all my heart.

Painter. How now ! here is a cheerful rivulet, that I see running from the meadows into the road.

Angler. This is Brailsford Brook, and look you, here is a bridge.

Painter. And yonder is a handsome church and tower. I must, with your leave, step into these meadows and draw the landskip.

Angler. Aye, I beseech you ; for here is the spot of ground where the pleasant conference began between Mr. Charles Cotton and his new friend, that he accosted on the road as they were both going to Ashbourne.

'You are happily overtaken, Sir,' said he ;
*'may a man be so bold as to inquire how far you
'travel this way?'*

Painter. They were strangers, then ?

Angler. Nevertheless they so affected one another, after that salutation and other pleasant discourse, as not to part company till they had enjoyed some days' innocent recreation a-fishing at Beresford Hall. Nay more, Viator declared, on the second day, that he was *'so far in love
'with Piscator and his country, and pretty moor-
'land seat, as to resolve to stay with him long*

'enough, by intervals, to hear all he had to say of his art.'

Painter. And pr'ythee, how did Mr. Cotton reply to this familiar declaration?

Angler. How did he reply! with all the politeness of an angler;—*'Sir, you cannot oblige me more than by such a promise.'*

Painter. Well said! Then here they made their first acquaintance?

Angler. And here is one of those little sparkling brooks that you shall meet every where in this country; nay, Mr. Cotton declares, *'they are full of trouts, and some of them the best (it is said) by many degrees in England.'*

Painter. Trouts! and in so mean a stream as this?

Angler. But I do not say they shall be all big trouts; for, as Mr. Walton hath it, *'some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts, like as some pastures breed larger sheep;'* and some streams there are, not many times broader than Brailsford Brook, that breed trouts three and four pounds in weight: but you may not think to find the biggest trouts at all times the best meat. And he that studies the nature and seasons of fishes may observe how sometimes the trouts will change their haunts, and travel up a stream

for many miles, in their natural desire after the fresh waters ; nay, to the very fountain head of some brook, and there wade among the clear sandy shallows ; indeed, I have seen trouts taken out of the dark springs that rise in the caverns of the Great Peak underneath Castleton.

Painter. After what you say, I doubt not but Brailsford Brook may breed good trouts ; and I care not whence they come, so we have a brace for supper.

Angler. That I promise you, and skilfully drest too :

‘ For mark well, good brother, what now I doe say,
‘ Sauce made of anchoves is an excellent way,
‘ With oysters, and lemon, clove, nutmeg and mace,
‘ When the brave spotted trout hath been boyled apace,
‘ With many sweet herbs.’

And this was the fashion of an experienced angler, that hath discovered ‘ *many rare secrets, very necessary to be known by all that delight in the recreation both of catching the fish, and dressing thereof.*’ *

Painter. Aye, aye ; your meditative fishers

* ‘ The Art of Angling, written by Thomas Barker, ‘ an ancient practitioner in the said Art.’ 12mo. London. 1651.—ED.

have always some singular discoveries to enhance the practice of their art. I remember one honest gentleman,* of a most fertile wit, called angling the '*Pleasure of Princes, or Goodmen's Recreation.*'

Angler. In that he did no more than was both reasonable and true.

Painter. And the same notable gentleman unravelled this mystery, 'that the angler's apparel should by no means be garish, light coloured, or shining, for whatsoever hath a glittering hue reflecteth upon the water, and immediately it affrighteth the fish.'

Angler. And this, before you and I have done walking, you may prove to your cost, with your gayfome doublet and jerkin.

Painter. So, Master Piscator, 'let your apparel be plaine and comely, of darke colour, as russett, tawney, or such like, close to your body, without any new fashioned slashes or hanging sleeves waving loose like sayles about you.'†

Angler. Well, well; in every art 'tis good

* Gervase Markham. This book contains a Discourse of the general Art of Fishing with the Angle or otherwise: and all the hidden secrets belonging thereto. 4to. London. 1614.—ED.

† Pleasure of Princes, ch. iii. p. 15.—ED.

to have a master; and that this is one of our 'Secrets,' these verses of a happy angler may declare:

'And let your garments ruffet be or gray,
'Of colour darke and hardest to descry,
'That with the raine or weather will away,
'And least offend the fearful fishes' eye.

'For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
'Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,
'Nor tender filkes of purple, paule of gold,
'Will serve so well to keepe off wet or cold.'*

And pr'ythee look to your own tooles; for you will do well, if you have one of honest Gervase Markham's *Twelve Virtues of an Angler*—to wit: 'A knowledge in proportions of all sorts, 'to give a geographical description of the angles and channels of rivers, how they fall from 'their heads, and what compasses they fetch in 'their several windings.†

Painter. You shall see—you shall see—but I am ready to attend you, for I have drawn this careless picture; and so let us towards Ashbourne. —Why, how is this? We are

* The Secrets of Angling; teaching the choicest tooles, baytes, and seasons for the taking of any fish in pond or river; practiced and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esq. 8vo. London. 1613.—ED.

† Pleasure of Princes, ch. iii. p. 16.—ED.

scarce two miles from Brailsford, and here we have another rivulet rustling through the grafs.

Angler. This brook before us, at the foot of yon fandy hill, has been noticed by Mr. Cotton to have '*scarce any name amongst us, and to be too woody for the recreation of fishing.*'

Painter. That I may easily believe, for it seems but a narrow thread of water, winding along the meadows, and almost hid beneath those ash trees.

Angler. Yet, you may take a store of trouts in this nameless rivulet by Longford Mill, which is not far from where we stand; and I have the undoubted authority of Mr. John Davors to say, 'the trout makes the angler most gentlemanlike and readiest sport of all other fishes.'* But look before you, for we are now come to the top of Spittle Hill, over against Ashbourne.

Painter. Indeed! and there the town lies in a bottom; and I declare—a goodly church! and beyond it, on the other side, I see some stately mountains, and one that lifts his top as high as the clouds.

Angler. And therefore called Thorpe Cloud; and you are to note the Dove winds round

* Secrets of Angling, p. 20.—ED.

the base, through her rugged channel of rocks. Would I were there ! But I am so bold as to request a sketch of this chequered prospect before us from your lively pencil.

Painter. It shall be done ; for it is, indeed, a fine and spacious landskip ; and I shall be happy if my poor drawings can give you satisfaction.

Angler. They do, indeed ; so I pray you begin, and forget not yonder hills that are behind the town, for we may hope ‘to stretch ‘our legs up’ some of them by and by. But how will you draw the natural perspective of the road, which now drops with so great a steepness from before us ?

Painter. Thus it is—here *Viator* and *Pifcator* discourse together. You may see them in outline, both on horseback, and there is the fall in the ground.

Angler. It is ingeniously contrived !—But I must tell you Mr. Cotton travelled with his serving man—therefore, so please you, let us have a third rider that should follow behind the other two, for they were all mounted on horseback.—So ! that is admirable ; and I can now see before me the polite angler that allured his companion to visit his ‘pretty moorland seat’ in Staffordshire. Oh, how the hours

do lag ere we come to that '*marvellous pretty place.*'

Painter. Was that the Beresford Hall you spoke of?

Angler. The fame : but if you desire to know how they conversed together as they arrived at Spittle Hill, I will read it to you in Mr. Cotton's own words, whiles you are to finish the landskip.

Painter. I am ready to hear it, and what is more, to take a pleasure in listening.

Angler. Well, you may note *Piscator* was so pleased with his companion, that he had earnestly and honestly invited him to his house, and promised he should be extremely welcome; then *Viator* felt a surprise, '*with so friendly an invitation upon so short acquaintance,*' and said '*he could not in modesty accept his offer, and must therefore beg his pardon;*' but Mr. Cotton would not be denied; and at length, as they drew near to Spittle Hill, where you and I at this moment stand, he repeated his invitation, and said, '*Now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of your's, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation, which that you may be the more easily persuaded to do, I will tell*

'you, that my house stands upon the margin of
'one of the finest rivers for trout and grayling
'in England,' (which you are to observe was
the Dove,) 'and that I have lately built a little
'fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over
'the door of which you will see the two first
'letters of my father Walton's name and mine
'twisted in cypher; that you shall lie in the
'same bed he has sometimes been contented with,
'and have such country entertainment as my
'friends sometimes accept, and be welcome, too, as
'the best of them all.'

Painter. Mr. Cotton has a cheerful natural way with him; and what a delight he takes in his river Dove above all others, and his little fishing-house upon the margin.

Angler. As witness these verses he addressed to his adopted father, Mr. Izaak Walton:

'Such streams, Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
'The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
'The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
'Are puddle water all, compared with thine:
'And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
'With thine much purer to compare:
'The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
'Are both too mean,
'Beloved Dove, with thee
'To vie priority;

‘Nay, Thame and Isis when conjoin’d, submit,
 ‘And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.’*

And we shall find it as pleasant as he has represented it. And all this benevolence between *Piscator* and *Viator* was, because they both affected the person of Mr. Izaak Walton and his art of angling.

Painter. How love will temper the spirits of men! surely it is a spark of the divine mind,—a secret charm implanted in our nature to mould us to the image of the Highest.—But how came it to pass that *Viator* participated in Mr. Cotton’s happy disinterested friendship for Mr. Walton?

Angler. It is most certain he did; for when they discoursed on fishing, and accidental mention was made of Mr. Walton’s Complete Angler, *Piscator* asked, ‘*what is your opinion of that book?*’ to which Mr. Cotton replied, ‘*my opinion of Mr. Walton’s book is the same with every man’s that understands any thing of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one;*’ and he then added, ‘*but I must tell*

* RETIREMENT. Irregular stanzas, addressed to Mr. Izaak Walton, and prefixed to Mr. Cotton’s Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear stream. 1676.—ED.

'you further, that I have the happiness to know
'his person, and to be intimately acquainted with
'him, and in him to know the worthiest man,
'and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any
'man ever had; nay, I shall yet acquaint you
'that he gives me leave to call him father, and
'I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his
'Adopted Son.' Whereupon Viator replied,
'In earnest, Sir! I am ravished to meet with a
'friend of Mr. Izaak Walton's, and one that
'does him so much right in a good and true cha-
'racter, for I must boast to you that I have the
'good fortune to know him too, and came ac-
'quainted with him in the same manner I do
'with you; that he was my master who first
'taught me to love angling, and thus to become
'an angler; and to be plain with you, I am the
'very man decyphered in his book under the name
'of Venator.'

Painter. Excellent! that was a pleasant surprise to him!

Angler. 'For,' (he continues) 'I was wholly
'addicted to the chase, until he taught me as
'good—a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous
'diversion.' And this also Mr. Roger Jackson
declares, who undertook the printing of the
SECRETS OF ANGLING, 'out of a virtuous de-
'fire to give his countrie satisfaction; for he

declared, in his dedication of that book to his much respected friend Mr. John Harborne, of Tackley, in the county of Oxford, Esquire, that, 'the art of angling is much more worthy
' practice and approbation than hunting and
' hawking; for it is a sport every way as pleasant, less chargeable, more profitable, and
' nothing so much subject to choller and impatience as those are.' And now listen to the answer of *Piscator*, for he said, 'Sir, I think
' myself happy in your acquaintance, and before
' we part, shall entreat leave to embrace you.
' You have said enough to recommend you to my
' best opinion, for my father Walton will be seen
' twice in no man's company he does not like; and
' likes none but such as he believes to be very
' honest men.' Thus you may note how the declaration of *Viator*, that he was acquainted with Mr. Walton, touched a chord which vibrated to the other's affections, and harmonized their spirits to a most innocent friendship.

Painter. What an engaging encounter of the two strangers, who thus discovered to each other their affection for pious and peaceable Mr. Walton! With what a grace doth holiness encircle him that wears it! surely 'tis a crown without thorns or cares, decked with spiritual jewels. I declare to you, I am moved

to a better acquaintance with all three : notwithstanding I have always looked upon angling to be a solitary recreation, not worthy so much as our vacant hours.

Angler. I hope before we part company you will be undeceived, and learn how we anglers can recreate our spirits, when the sun rises over the hills ; and this I promise in reward for your sudden resolve to come on your travels with me, only to the intent that by your art and sociable conversation you might give me pleasure.

Painter. I now thank you heartily, because you moved me to this journey ; nay more, if I might believe my present thoughts, I shall be surprised into a desire to try and angle in the river Dove, that you take so great a delight in.

Angler. That were strange indeed,—to see your leisure divided between the pencil and the angle rod !—yet if I could once inveigle you to the practice of our harmless sport, so full of hopes and composure, you would soon confess to its excellency, and say with the unknown poet,*

* ‘Unknown,’ because Walton ascribes the ‘SECRETS OF ANGLING’ to the pen of Jo. Davors, Esquire : but Mr. Roger Jackson, by whom they were published, ‘after the death of the author,’ entered them

- ‘ Oh let me rather on the pleasant brink
 ‘ Of Tyne and Trent possess some dwelling place,
 ‘ Where I may see my quill and cork down sink
 ‘ With eager bite of barbel, bleik, or dace.
- ‘ Let other men their pastimes, then, pursue,
 ‘ And on their pleasing fancies feed their fill :
 ‘ So I the fields and meadows green may view,
 ‘ And by the rivers fresh may walk at will,
 ‘ Among the daisies and the violets blue,
 ‘ Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
 ‘ Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
 ‘ Pale gandergrass and azure culverkays.
- ‘ The lofty woods ; the forests wide and long,
 ‘ Adorn’d with leaves and branches fresh and green,
 ‘ In whose cool bow’rs the birds with chaunting song
 ‘ Do welcome with their quire the summer’s queen,
 ‘ The meadows fair, where Flora’s gifts among
 ‘ Are intermix’d the verdant grass between.
 ‘ The silver scaled fish that softly swim
 ‘ Within the brooks and crystal wat’ry brim.
- ‘ All these and many more of His creation
 ‘ That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see,
 ‘ And takes therein no little delectation
 ‘ To think how strange and wonderful they be.’

Painter. Why, Sir, your faithful memory
is like a casket, well stored with curious gems,

at the Stationers’ Company, ‘ 1612, 23^o Martii, *as practised and opened in three books*, by JOHN DENNYs, Esquire.’—ED.

that you unlock at will to embellish your discourse withal : and now here is my picture of Spittle Hill.

Angler. It is an obvious copy of nature, and a sweet view over Ashbourne.

Painter. The brow of such a hill gives the advantage of a large prospect.

Angler. And now, if you please, we may follow the steps of these gentlemen riders, and descend into Ashbourne.—See, we are come to the town, and here is the River Henmore, that runs under this stone bridge ; and this is the way to the market-place.

Painter. What is there ? methinks I see an ivy bush ; and the sign of an inn.

Angler. That is the Talbot, and a very decent hostelry ; so let us ‘ *drink a glass of barley wine at the Talbot, and away,* ’ after the example of Mr. Cotton and his new friend.

Painter. With all my heart. Was this Mr. Cotton’s Inn ?

Angler. Aye, truly. What, oh ! good man, will you please to bring us a cup of ale ?

Painter. Come, brother, here’s to Mr. Walton, and his adopted son, Mr. Charles Cotton ?

Angler. I thank you for that pledge ; and here is my loving service to you.

Painter. And now let us be gone ; for since

we are come into this valley, I am all impatience to find your River Dove, which, methinks, should be hereabouts.

Angler. Not so fast, Sir; we must climb that steep hill on the other side of the town; and after that we have some hours before we shall see the most pleasant river in England.

Painter. How! methought Ashbourne was close upon the margin of the Dove!

Angler. It is but a furlong or two off; nevertheless we have to make a circuit before we come to that most delightful of rivers; for trust me the road to Beresford Hall is over ‘*an odd country.*’

Painter. It was but now you promised I should see ‘such alluring scenes, decked by Nature’s hand as to be little spots of enchantment;’ and now you tell me I must be satisfied to see an odd country!

Angler. Nay, good brother; remember how you are to exercise the meekness and patience of an angler; and you shall confess, when you see my Dove, that it ‘*covers the faults of the road;*’ and so let me persuade you to breast the hill.

Painter. Well, Sir, lead on; and I shall endeavour to be even with you.—Heigho! at last we are clambered up.

Angler. It was done with a gamesome spirit, worthy of an angler.

Painter. But it has made me pant: and here's a shady ash tree, so let us rest awhile, that I may recover myself.

Angler. With all my heart; and stretch our limbs on this green bank: and I may tell you, this pretty spot is Sandy Brook.—And now, if you are rested, let us not loiter, but hither away to the left, down by this green lane.

Painter. I am with you; but what have we here? another swift bubbling stream, that flows over a rocky bed, and is scarce a foot deep.

Angler. 'Tis Bentley Brook, that whirls hastily along to meet her playmate, the Dove.

Painter. And, by my word, a very pretty rivulet it is.

Angler. I have Mr. Cotton's authority to say, '*it is full of good trouts and graylings, but so encumbered with wood in many places as is troublesome to an angler.*'

Painter. Whereabouts does it rise?

Angler. That I cannot resolve you; but you are not to wonder if the stream comes to us, as you now see it, like to transparent crystal: for the flowering wells of Tiffington empty themselves, with a constant freshness, into Bentley Brook.

Painter. Those Tiffington Wells, which are flowered on holydays by the country folk ?

Angler. The same ; and of a singular clearness ; nay, they are more transparent than the silvery waters of famed Sabrina, where

‘ The shepherds, at their festivals,
‘ Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
‘ And throw sweet garland-wreaths into her stream,
‘ Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils ;’

and, indeed, I have sometimes seen on Holy Thursday such dainty devices of flowers wrought by rustical artists at Tiffington, in roses, and violets, and marygolds, and ladysmocks, as I could not but admire how it was all contrived ; and for this the country folks and shepherds scatter themselves, some days before, in busy cheerful companies, like bees, over the hills and down the dales, to cull their stores of wild flowers ; and every one willingly robs his garden, for a contribution to the bowers and arbours that overhang the wells : and there they weave them into curious inventions of mottoes and scripture texts. And when the happy holy morning breaks, they come together to church ; and after service they walk, with their loved and loving parson at their head, in a procession round about their ornamental wells, with music

and finging of psalms : and so they pass the rest of the day in innocent mirth and country sports. And I may tell you, the many-coloured flowers of Dove Dale are offered for a tribute to this calendar festival.

Painter. You have made me wish and resolve to see this well-flowering, come next Holy Thursday ; and I shall love those sacred springs the better, since they help to crystallize the waters of Bentley ; for I have not seen a more inviting brook.

Angler. I will not say we shall come to clearer streams ; nevertheless, I hope we may walk and angle by some others that are as good : but thither she hurries on her way, rejoicing and being rejoiced ; and I warrant she will find the Dove before you and I may do so. But come, here is another hill before us, hard by Thorpe Cloud ; and I'll requite your patience by a vernal prospect. Follow me but a step to the left, and now what say you ?

Painter. Bless me, what an unusual landscape.

Angler. There before you are the mountains in Staffordshire over against Ilam ; and yonder the Dove, which glides far off through the valley by Oakover Bridge,—and after that meanders as far as Mayfield. There you may see

hill and dale, and green pastures, with their thronging flocks and herds. Now tell me, Sir, is not merry England a place most fit for free-hearted gentlemen to live in? And he that makes a journey throughout the different regions of our land shall meet a thousand vales as pleasant as this we now see: nay, some I could name are better, where you may look on all the diversity of golden corn fields, and pastures, and vallies and hills, rivers and plains; and round about many fine country mansion-houses, and bright steeples, gleaming through village-woods; and in the cities high cathedrals and collegiate churches, more venerable and sacred by reason of their daily appointed services and chaunts.

Painter. But a man may travel some miles ere he shall light on a finer champagne than this before us. It calls to my mind how the prophet, from the top of Mount Pisgah, in the field of Zophim, lifted up his eyes, and saw Israel abiding in his tents according to their tribes, and said, ‘*How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel! as the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river’s side, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters.*’ Long may the people of Britain

be holy and stedfast in the church, and loyal to their king ! then shall they resemble the tribes of Israel, having, as it were, ‘ *the strength of an unicorn ; they shall eat up the nations, their enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with their arrows.*’ Then they shall ‘ *couch, they shall lie down like a lion, and as a great lion ; who shall stir them up ?*’ Then ‘ *blest is he that blesteth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee.*’ But what have we here, that is like a huge conical barrow ? Let us climb to the top, that we may get a wider prospect of the landscape.

Angler. The same Thorpe Cloud you saw so towering in the distance from Spittle Hill ; but he now appears under another aspect, and before you could scale the height you must needs descend into a deep valley which lies between us.

Painter. Say you so ? I can scarce believe it ; for the distance looks to be less than a bow-shoot.

Angler. It is, nevertheless, true ; and yonder, to the left, is Bunster Hill, in Staffordshire, that is like the back of a gigantic elephant : and between these two mountains flow the happy streams of the Dove ; and that to the right hand is Black Moor : we have but two miles

hence, and then our Dove.

Painter. If so, let us mend our pace ; but tell me, is this the way Mr. Cotton brought his friend ?

Angler. The same ; and all the while he entertained him with a discourse of the trouty rivers of his county of Derby, as, namely, the Dove, the Wye, the Derwent, and the great Trent, that wanders through many rich towns and forests, until it loses its name and waters in the sea.

Painter. And is all Mr. Charles Cotton's treatise of fly fishing in the form of a dialogue ?

Angler. Aye ; and full of pertinent observations and exceeding plausibleness.

Painter. Although I am willing to confess Mr. Walton's Angler to be a most persuasive book, because he knows how to qualify his discourse with all kinds of graceful changes and descriptions ; yet methinks Mr. Cotton had no need to model his writings after the unusual example of a dialogue.

Angler. By your leave, not so unusual ; for have you forgot the many patterns that almost every age hath produced, of treatises, both learned and witty, in the form of colloquies ? Let me bring to your mind that most subtle and philosophic dialogue, the ' Symposiac, or

Banquet' of *Plato*, the most learned of the Grecians, wherein his master, *Socrates*, is made to discourse with a wisdom that seemed to be a scintillation of divine truth. And not only *Plato's* 'Banquet,' but his 'Alcibiades,' and others, so full of invincible arguments in support of virtue, as charmed the understanding of that age.

Painter. Well, if you will go back to ancient times, there are *Tully's* five days' disputations at his retired Tusculan villa with *Marcus Brutus*, where he persuades his hearers by the most notable arguments to the contempt of death.

Angler. And what say you of that banquet of *Xenophon*, at the Athenian festival of *Minerva*? for he gives us to understand how, after the show was finished, as he walked out of the city, he fell in with *Socrates* and others, discoursing together, and invited them civilly to supper; which they accepted, and went with him to his house at *Piræus*.

Painter. I remember; and there they entertained each other with learned and profitable conversation.

Angler. But neither the philosophy of *Socrates* and *Plato*, nor the eloquence of *Tully*, could match with that exalted wisdom of the

apostolic fathers and doctors, who have delivered to the Church the most clear interpretations of holy writ. And some of them unlocked the boundless treasures of celestial truth, and pointed the way to heaven, through the shadowings and darkness of error, by the medium of colloquies. As Hermas (who was the friend of St. Paul, that great apostle of the Gentiles) in his 'Pastor or Shepherd.'

Painter. Have not some learned men of our times, and, indeed, of the ancient fathers, questioned the authority of that book of Hermas?

Angler. I may not deny that the cautious judgments of some are yet divided upon it: but Irenæus, Origen, and others, have pronounced it to be 'a very profitable book,' and it was appointed to be read in many of the earliest christian churches.

Painter. I believe it is true, that Hermas was the friend of St. Paul, and is thought to have sealed his holy life by a glorious martyrdom.

Angler. And it is certain his book was composed in the form of a dialogue: for he declares how, when he had prayed at home, and was sat down upon the bed, an old man came to him in the habit of a shepherd, clothed with a white cloak, having his bag upon his back,

and his staff in his hand, and saluted him ; and thereupon they most lovingly conversed together : for the shepherd instructed him what things he was to avoid, and what good works to perform, that he might be saved.

Painter. And what followed ?

Angler. Then Hermas, from time to time, questioned the holy shepherd with a modest confidence, and asked an explanation of many sublime points of our belief, that were then to him an incomprehensible mystery, all which the accostable stranger revealed to him, speaking with authority and wisdom : and so they continued to discourse, until the pastor rose up and departed.*

Again I will put you in mind how, in a later age of the church, holy Justin Martyr records a most learned and spiritual dialogue, which he held at Ephesus with one Trypho, a Jew, wherein he sets forth his own first blessed conversion to Christianity. For, having in vain sought after the knowledge of the true God in the schools of the Stoics and Peripatetics, and

* Originally written in Greek ; but that being lost, there is only a Latin version, supposed to have been made by Rufinus in the 4th century. Editio princeps, PASTOR à Nic. Gerbellio. Lat. Argent. 1522. 4^o—ED.

found them to be unsatisfying to the high desires of his soul, he gave himself up to solitude and meditation : and, in one of his retired walks on the sea-shore, meeting with an aged person of a mild and reverend aspect, he entered into a conversation with him. Then he told the stranger how fervent a zeal was kindled in his breast to come to a perfect intelligence of the nature of God, and so fell to a commendation of the study of philosophy. Whereupon the venerable Trypho endeavoured to cure him of his ignorant admiration of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, and exhorted him to an examination of the writings of the Hebrew prophets, as being more ancient than any of those heathen philosophers ; and by his admonitions and clear arguments he opened to him the joyful knowledge of the sacred mysteries of Christianity. Above all things, he persuaded him to pray that the beams of heavenly light might shine on his benighted soul ; for that the truths of the Gospel must be spiritually discerned through the power of God.

Painter. Did Justin continue his acquaintance with the stranger, whose calm and meek way of discoursing had persuaded him to a better judgment of divine things ?

Angler. After that first meeting he never

saw him again ; but he was stirred with a holy desire to attain a more familiar knowledge of the prophets, and his wishes soared up on high ; and at last he was convinced that he had all along wandered in darkness, and that the Holy Scriptures contained the only true philosophy.

Painter. All this brings to my recollection some other examples of books composed after the form of conversations : as namely, Petrarch's imaginary dialogues between himself and Augustine, where the saint endeavours to withdraw the poet from the willing thralldom of his love for Laura, and to persuade him to the study of wisdom, as alone capable to bestow true liberty : and, again, the facetious Colloquia of Erasmus, so full of wit and biting satire ; and the ' Anatomie of Abuses whipped and stripped,' by the precise Mr. Stubbes, proceeding from his own dogmatical whimsies.

Angler. Then, forget not the three books of colloquies, on the art of shooting in great and small pieces of artillerie, written in Italian by Nicholas Tartaglia.* And again, that royal dialogue of riding the great horse, composed in

* Translated into English by Cyprian Lucas, Gent. folio, 1588. Tartaglia was a famous mathematician.—
ED.

the French tongue, by Monsieur Antoine Pluvinel ; * and I can declare it to be a most courteous, gentle, and ingenious conversation between the young King Louis, the Duke of Bellegarde, and Monsieur Antoine himself. With what a rare eloquence does he commend and teach the art of making demivoltes, cabrioies, and courbettes, with all the other graceful motions on horseback, most fit for gentlemen of quality !

Painter. And his book is adorned with excellent copper cuts by Crispin Pass, the ingenious engraver of those living effigies of the HERÖOLOGIA.

Angler. The same : but I forbear all further mention of dialogues, except a little book I lately saw at the house of an ingenious and modest friend, dwelling in Chancery-lane, in London, who is a constant lover of Mr. Walton and his art of angling, and endeared to many of his professed disciples ; and hath been so exact and skilful a promoter of letters, as to be called ALDI DISCIPULUS ANGLUS, as witness the sign of the Dolphin and Anchor, engraved on the title of his imprinted books, after the fashion of Aldus Manutius. And because he

* A gentleman of Dauphiny in the reign of Henry IV. Par. 1640. Fol.—ED.

has a happy fortune in the discovery of ancient books, you may find at his house a store of all kinds. It was a few days before my last departure from London, I made him a visit, when he conducted me into his parlour, to show me his little cabinet of rarities : and there, after some cheerful conversation on fishing, when I told him I purposed my summer travels to the Dove, he presented me with a letter writ by Mr. Cotton to his '*dear and worthy father,*' Mr. Izaak Walton.

Painter. Indeed ! and I dare believe you treasured it up with your many other written epistles of noted men in your study at home.

Angler. Pardon me ; I have made it my companion here in my wallet ; and some day I will indulge you with the reading of it, when you are worthy, and put on better thoughts of anglers. But to return to the book I told you of ; it is an ancient discourse '*Of the Nature of God,*' which the writer calls 'a little treatise of a great argument.'

Painter. The argument was great indeed, and I beseech you proceed to your account of it.

Angler. The work was writ by the learned, pious and painful Bishop of Durham (Morton), who made Dr. Donne the offer of his own

benefice, if he would be persuaded to enter into Holy Orders, and so become ‘*an Ambassador for the God of glory; that God, who, by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind:*’ and it is fit to tell you that I set the greater store by this book, because I am convinced Mr. Walton hath taken a pleasure in the perusal of it, insomuch as to make the opening chapter of his COMPLETE ANGLER after that model. It is a conversation betwixt a gentleman and a scholar, who were travelling on horseback from the north, by the same road, to the city of York; and thus it begins—

‘*Gentleman.** Well overtaken, Sir.

‘*Scholar.* You are welcome, gentleman.

‘*Gentleman.* No great gentleman, Sir, but
‘one that wisheth well to all that mean well: I
‘pray you how far do you travel this way?’

‘*Scholar.* As far as York.

‘*Gentleman.* I should be glad if I might have
‘your company thither.

‘*Scholar.* And I, if my company might stand
‘you in any stead.’

Thereupon ensued a gentle and most inge-

* London, Printed by Thomas Creede for Robert Dexter, dwelling in St. Paul’s Church-yard, at the sign of the Brazen Serpent. 1599. 12mo.—ED.

nious conversation: and they argued the mysterious matter of the omnipotency and incomprehensible greatness of God, to their mutual contentment and confirmation in the truth, until they came to Newcastle, where the scholar's little nag would scarce hold foot with the strong gelding of the gentleman; and so they put up at some honest house where the scholar was acquainted, and were both heartily welcome, 'and honestly used for their money.' And there we will leave them to their entertainment and rest,—and cross this meadow of buttercups.

Painter. You have angled me on, and beguiled the way with these colloquies most pleasantly; for we have walked some miles, and I heartily thank you.

Angler. Look, Sir; now you have a view of some rocks before you in a little distance; there are the steep declivities overhanging the other side of the Dove, which is at a great depth below. A few steps more,—and we are come to Hanson Grange.

Painter. It is a pretty sequestered spot; and the house stands on the very brow of the cliff, which is ornamented with wood; and I hope we are arrived at Dove Dale.

Angler. Have patience: not yet, Sir;—this is Nab's Dale: but turn again this way to the

right, for there is Hanson Toot. And look, yonder is the church at Alstonfields; and, I beseech you; deny me not the contrivance of a picture.

Painter. I'll do it cheerfully; and the hills array themselves to an advantage. What a general harmony is in the works of nature! Here, by a few lines, with seeming carelessness put together, even those bleak and craggy hills are made to the congruity and order of beauty; and the aspect of the church on the hill is pretty for a distance.

Angler. And when you are come there, you shall find a retired village, and a decent house of entertainment; where we may have supper and a clean bed.

Painter. Was it there *Piscator* cheered his companion after his journey?

Angler. Not so: for Mr. Cotton conducted him to his handsome seat at Beresford, and there you may believe he made amends, as he promised to do, for bringing him '*an ill mile or two out of his way*;' for he gave him a hearty welcome; and after that they made no strangers of each other, but with good Moorland ale and a pipe of tobacco passed an hour or two in conversation before they went to bed.

Painter. And I am ready to do the same;

so let us be going, for there is my poor copy of Alstonfields church.

Angler. It is the church itself, and those distant hills, that stand behind it with a natural gloom. Come on, Sir.

Painter. Gently, so please you ; and let me take care of myself down these slippery stones. How the path winds and turns in a zig-zag ! I shall tumble ere I get to the bottom.

Angler. Never fear, Sir ! never fear ; every slippery stone and every step of the way has a charm for me ; for here it was Mr. Cotton travelled with his friend, who was in a strange taking as he crept or slid down.

Painter. And well he might be, for it is an uncouth precipice : it is the land of break-neck.

Angler. A little steep, I grant you ; but come on, for methinks we are near '*the sign of a bridge*,' which is so narrow, *Viator* thought it was fit only for wheelbarrows, and declared he was inclinable to '*go over on all fours* : ' so look out.

Painter. Nay, Sir ; but to look out for any thing beyond my footing, is more than man can do in such a ribble rabble place as this.

Angler. Come, brother, give over this complaining : for, look you, there is the '*wheelbarrow bridge* ; ' and listen to the river below.

How the noise of her waters falls on mine ear
like the voice of melody ! Welcome, crystal
Dove ; for we purpose to cast away some inno-
cent hours in thy cool recesses.

‘ Oh my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
‘ Princess of rivers, how I love
‘ Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
‘ And view the silver stream
‘ When gilded by a summer’s beam !
‘ And in it all thy wanton fry
‘ Playing at liberty ;
‘ And with my angle upon them
‘ The all of treachery
‘ I ever learn’d industriously to try.’ *

Painter. Now we are safely down ; and the
river ruffles merrily under the bridge, crisping
itself into foam. And what hamlet is yonder,
on the Staffordshire side, with a cheerful mill ?

Angler. That is Mill Dale, and there lies the
road to Alstonfields.

Painter. Let us be forward ; for the sun
sinks down apace,

‘ Bidding farewell unto the gloomy sky.’

Angler. Stay a while : if you have any affec-
tion for me, you will not pass by this enchant-

* THE RETIREMENT. Irregular stanzas by Charles
Cotton.—ED.

ing glen, and leave me no record. Look again—see how the evening gleams linger over the tops of the mountains. I beseech you, sit on ‘*this broad stone*,’ and draw me a picture.

Painter. This landskip needs a better hand than mine to give the natural fall of the rocks, and throw that bridge and the mill into a deep perspective.

Angler. You are too modest; so pr’ythee begin, and I’ll sit by your side, and repeat you some pastoral verses composed by famed Sir Walter Raleigh.

Painter. Come, then, tune your voice to the air.

‘And loudly sing a roundelay of love.’

Angler. Shall I give you ‘*Phillida’s love-call to her Coridon, and his replying?*’

Painter. Aye, do so.

Angler. [*sings.*]

‘Coridon, arise my Coridon.’

Painter. Sing, I pray you, boldly, that the rocks may answer with an echo.

Angler. I’ll do my best; for the Pastoral is worthy, and full of an innocent love. Let me see if I can remember me how it runs. [*sings.*]—

PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORIDON,
AND HIS REPLYING.

Phil. Coridon, arise, my Coridon,
Titan shineth clear.

Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon?
Who is it that I hear?

Phil. Phillida, thy true love calleth thee;
Arise then, arise then;
Arise, and keep thy flock with me

Cor. Phillida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then;
I come to keep my flock with thee.

Phil. Here are cherries ripe for my Coridon;
Eat them for my sake.

Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.

Phil. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings as white as milk.

Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phil. I will gather flowers, my Coridon,
To set in thy cap.

Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.

Cor. I will buy my true love yellow fcy,*

For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phil. When my Coridon sits on a hill,
Making melody.

Cor. When my lovely goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily.

Phil. Surely, methinks, my true love doth excel,
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Cor. And, methinks my true love bears the bell,
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my Coridon, my Coridon,
Been, alack ! my swain :

Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain :

Phil. Cynthia Endymion had refus'd,
Preferring, preferring
My Coridon to play with-all.

Cor. The Queen of Love had been excus'd,
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my mother, Coridon !
Whither shall I fly ?

Cor. Under yon beach, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.

Phil. Say to her thy true love was not here.
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.

Cor. Doubt me not, my true love ; do not fear :
Farewell, then, farewell then.
Heaven keep our loves away.

Painter. Thank you, thank you ; that is a

well-tuned gladsome pastoral, and as well sung as it is composed ; and I will now confess, this walk to the Dove, and the freshness of the Derbyshire hills, and, above all, the ingenious delight you take in following Mr. Cotton's footsteps, have put new thoughts into my mind. There is the best picture I can make for you ; but I am not a limner to fix those intricate lights and shadows that flit from one rock to another with the passing clouds.

Angler. Truly, Sir, it could not be better composed ; and now let us towards Alstonfields, and over the wheelbarrow bridge.

Painter. With all my heart : but not '*on all fours.*' Observe how the water hurries away, rippling over the rocky bed.

Angler. Ah ! saw you that, Sir ?

Painter. I saw nothing : what was it ?

Angler. It was a hungry trout rose at a fly : now, by your leave, I must have the delight to try my poor skill in the Dove. That trout has transported me beyond discretion.

Painter. You have my permission ; so fix your tackling and go to work.

Angler. There again : did you not see him rise ?

Painter. I saw him not.

Angler. Well, then, if I have any luck, you

shall see him by supper time at Alstonfields.

Painter. I wish you good sport with all my heart, and do you call me if you chance to hook him ; meantime I'll contrive another sketch of these glades and rocks.

Angler. Do not forget to make the Dove a part of your picture.

Painter. And remember, you have promised to requite me with a good trout for supper.

Angler. I said a brace.

Painter. Better and better ; so farewell, and good luck go with thee.— —

Angler. — —Halloo !

Painter. How now, Brother Piscator ?

Angler. Hoi ! quickly,—that you may partake of the delights of angling : here is a heavy fish, and my line being slender give me the net.

Painter. Nay, I beseech you, let me land him, that I may have the honour of a helping hand with our first trout in the Dove.

Angler. You shall, and welcome too ; but manage him with discretion.

Painter. Trust me : I'm ready—haul him now to the bank ; ah, me ! he's gone away again : he was desperate.

Angler. Fear not, I have him safe : I but play with him ; see, he begins to tire ; and now

you may take him : gently, gently—so, 'twas bravely netted.

Painter. Do but look how his belly and sides are spotted with bright red spots.

Angler. It is a goodly fish ; but I must give you a brace : and there was another rise under the further bank ; wait a moment, and he is mine.

Painter. Then I'll call you a master of your art, and since you have entertained me with the pleasure of this trout, I'll go finish my picture of the Dove, for it is worth all my little skill in drawing.—So ; how is it with you ?

Angler. Here is the brace of trouts I promised you.

Painter. You are as good as your word. And I have not been idle.

Angler. I thank you ; they are the very rocks and my Dove ; and here is the bridge and, I declare, two anglers landing a trout ! So hither away for Alstonfields with merry hearts ;

‘ There roast him and baste him with good claret wine,
‘ For the calvor'd boyl'd trout will make thee to dine
‘ With dainty contentment.’ *

* Barker's Delight ; or the Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets both for catching fish and dressing thereof, &c. 12^o 1657.—ED.

Painter. Step on, brother, for you cannot desire to be at supper more than I do ; and now we have trudged up the hill, and are come to the church we saw from Hanfon Toot, on the other side.

Angler. And there is the ‘honest alehouse’ I told you of—and see, mine host standing under the porch, ready to welcome loyal travellers to the ‘King’s Head.’

Painter. Kept by ‘*Herbert Marsh*’—for there’s his name printed in large underneath.







CHAPTER II.

*A Conference at Supper between the Angler,
the Painter, and the Host.*

Angler.



OW do you, Mr. Marsh?

Host. Gentlemen, your servant
at command.

Painter. Can we have good entertainment and clean beds at your house?

Host. Sir! we shall do our utmost to give you satisfaction: and for beds, I may say there are not better in the Peak, with 'sheets laid up 'in lavender.' What, ho! boy, take these gentlemen's fish pannier and angle rods. Will it please you, Sirs, to walk into the parlour?

Angler. It is well; and the sooner you can make ready for supper the better pleased we shall be; for we have walked all the way from Derby; and here is a brace of trouts: but look you, Mr. Marsh, one condition I would make,

and that is, you dress them according to a fancy I have.

Hoft. Sir, you shall be obeyed ; nevertheless we have a notable method for boiling a trout or grayling in these parts, that I never knew to displease any anglers.

Angler. But if you know not the manner recommended by Mr. Cotton, who lives at Beresford Hall, I shall not be persuaded to think them skilfully done.

Hoft. Sir, I am now your most humble servant, and willing to dress these trouts according to your wishes, seeing you approve the method of noble Mr. Cotton.

Painter. Then you know Mr. Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall ?

Hoft. That, Sir, by your leave, I should do, and know him well too ; for I was a servant in the family when his right honourable father lived at the hall, of whom only this I may declare, he was loved and esteemed for his gentle qualities of nature by the late most learned Lord Chancellor* of Oxford and England, and was united with him in the same bold

* LORD CLARENDON, who greatly praises him in his 'Characters of Eminent Men,' in the reigns of Charles I. and II.—ED.

and generous zeal for the service of the late king, of pious memory : and I was the first that taught Mr. Charles Cotton, in his happy youthful days, to fish in the River Dove, when he was a mere schoolboy, and to mew and cast and lure his falcon-gentles, and all manner of hawks. And since that time he has often had me to a day's fishing with him, and by his native condescension makes me find myself at ease in his company, notwithstanding my humble conditions.

Angler. Indeed ! then I may tell you this gentleman and myself have come all the way from Derby, and some miles beyond that, to find his fishing-house, and to spend a day or two angling in the vallies of the Dove.

Hof. You are not the first gentlemen by many, that have done this ; and you will not think your labour lost when you have seen the Fishing-house ; for that it is a wonderful ingenious place, and most skilfully adorned, no person, who has seen it, can deny. But will you be pleased to sit down in these elbow chairs, and rest yourselves till the trouts are ready.

Painter. Willingly : for I could not walk another Derbyshire mile, if it were to purchase a king's ransom. And now, Mr. Marsh, I pray you, look to the supper, that it be served quickly,

for we are nigh famished.

Angler. And remember to give the trouts
'three scotches with a knife.'

*Hoft Aye, Sir, 'and to the bone on one side
'only.'* I go to see it done as you desire.—

Angler. Did you observe, brother, how this honest hoft, for such I doubt not he is, took up the words of Mr. Cotton? you may depend he hath read the '*Instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream.*' We are like to pass a pleasant evening here at Alston-fields, and to learn more of Mr. Cotton, and of his '*pretty moorland seat*' than we had any hope to do when we began our journey. What a neat parlour is here, and the boards all fanded over!

Painter. And see how mine hoft has garnish't out his walls with little pictures; here's the history of Judith, and Susanna, and Daniel in the lion's den; and the furniture not amiss; the oaken cabinet, and tables polished like a mirror.

Angler. And here are books in the window; look you, Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Bishop Taylor's '*Holy Living and Dying*;' and here before all other books, is the GREAT BIBLE,*

* THE HOLY BIBLE, conteyning the Old Testament,

that King James caused to be translated out of the Hebrew and Greek tongues by those *forty seven* most pious and learned divines of our holy church, thereby opening to the people of these realms those fountains of living waters, more precious than rivers of gold; for he that thirsteth after them in an honest and believing heart, shall hear THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, 'Come; let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'† Happy were they to be chosen—thrice happy to unlock and deliver to all ages the mysterious treasures of God's Holy Word. Of these I may not forget charitable Dr. Launcelot Andrewes.

Painter. He that refused to be consecrated a bishop, because he would not be persuaded to give a helping hand in the spoil of the ecclesiastical revenues.

and the New; *newly translated out of* the Originall Tongues: and with the former Translations diligently compared and revised by His Majesties special Com-mandement.

Appointed to be read in Churches.

IMPRINTED at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majestie. ANNO DOM. 1611.—ED.

† Rev. xxii. 17.

Angler. Nor less happy in this surpassing work was Dr. Adrian Saravia, of so sweet a nature, and dispositions so notable, that he was joined to Mr. Hooker in a bosom friendship, which was only ended by death, when that judicious champion of our church thought himself happy to die in the arms of him he loved with so confiding a love.

Painter. This gift to his people of the English Bible was indeed a 'ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΟΡΟΝ' worthy of a king,* and seeing these books of our host, I am more inclined to entertain good thoughts of him : but here he comes.

Angler. And the supper too. You have lost no time, Mr. Marth.

Host. Gentlemen, I hope you may find it to be as well done as quickly, for that is what I desired ; and I have spared nothing to make them to your taste, even to the '*little hand-some faggot of rosemary, thyme, and winter savory,*' that Mr. Cotton bids us '*throw into the liquor.*'

Angler. Well then, let us say grace for these

* 'BASILICON DORON,' or a royal gift, written by James the First, and addressed to his son Prince Henry. Originally printed at Edinburgh, by R. Waldegrave in 1599.—ED.

mercies we have, and now fall to it. Come, this is excellent, and, as I profess myself to be an angler, I have not tasted trouts more seasonable:—Apicius himself could not have desired them more daintily dressed.

Host. Sir, I am glad you find them to your liking.

Angler. And now, what say you of your barley wine?

Host. Sir, it is well known how the Staffordshire ale is the best in England, or as good as any; and though I would not be thought a braggart, I may say that mine is second to none in the county.

Angler. Then bring us a good flagon; for I long to drink Mr. Cotton's health in a full cup at Alstonfields:—Now brother.

Painter. With all my heart—here's to Mr. Cotton.

Angler. Mr. Cotton, the dear friend of Mr. Izaak Walton!

Host. Sirs, I thank you for your kind thoughts towards my master, and there is not a worthier gentleman lives than Mr. Cotton; and may I be so bold to ask how you find our Staffordshire ale?

Angler. It is excellent, and no lack of malt in't.

Host. And now, Gentlemen, here is meat, with a fresh faller; and my good dame has prepared some confections, and tossed a sweet pancake.

Angler. This mutton is as good as your ale.

Painter. It is all excellent; thanks to you and our good hostess: 'small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast;' but you are liberal with both: and now we have finished our supper, what say you, brother, have you an inclination to a pipe?

Angler. I am nothing loath.

Painter. And I'm for another jug of that nappy ale, if you do not fear it.

Angler. I fear nothing in your discreet company: so, Mr. Marth, bring us pipes, and some more of your Staffordshire ale, and let there be a toast and sugar in't, with a little spice of nutmeg.

Painter. Aye, aye, and a race or two of ginger.

Host. Sirs, it shall be as you desire; and with all diligence. — — —

Angler. And now, brother, what think you of our host?

Painter. In sooth, a modest, well-spoken man, with a decent composure of carriage; not like some of your would-be-witty tapsters, that

have 'a finger in all trades, and an oar in every man's boat.'

Angler. And that is my opinion of him ; and so, when he returns, if you stand not on scruples, let us invite him to sit with us awhile ; for I would ask him some questions about Mr. Cotton and his fishing-house.—

Hof. Gentlemen, here is a tankard of spiced ale, with pipes, and the best tobacco I have.

Angler. I doubt not the quality of your tobacco, but I always carry my own ; and now, Mr. Marsh, if you will give us the pleasure of your conversation awhile, and smoke a pipe from my box, you shall be heartily welcome.

Hof. Sirs, I humbly thank you ; but I pray you to excuse me : I would not be thought to grow presumptuous because you are pleased to be familiar.

Painter. Nay, Mr. Marsh, stay not on a punctilio ; we would have your company, if it be only to drink Mr. Cotton's good health ; and here's my Virginia, so fill your pipe.

Angler. One cup to the noble master of Beresford : pr'ythee be seated, Mr. Marsh.

Hof. Gentlemen, since you desire me this honour, I shall obey as I ought, and heartily thank you.—Sirs, I make bold to drink your health, wishing you all possible pleasure here—

abouts on the banks of the Dove, and good success with your angle-rods.

Painter. It promises so many natural beauties, that I expect to find it as pleasant a river as I have seen.

Angler. Say the pleasantest of all, good brother.

Painter. First let me see the fishing-house ; and then, perhaps, I may be brought to join in your opinion. Shall we be permitted to visit that spot ?

Host. Doubt it not, Sir : you that have read Mr. Cotton's second part of the COMPLETE ANGLER, may readily believe how he inclines to Gentlemen fishers, seeing he has therein clearly depicted his own likeness ; for I may declare to you my master has an alluring suavity and a singular freedom of spirit. Therefore he will never refuse a liberty to civil strangers, to see his fishing-house : indeed, I have known him to send his servants to the river, with meat and ale for their refreshment ; or sometimes, if they be anglers, invite them to the house. And it was after this manner the first accidental rudiments of that friendship sprung up betwixt himself and brave Colonel Richard Lovelace. I remember he found that gentleman to be endowed with such a ripeness of wit, and zeal for

the king's cause, that he persuaded him to a long forgetfulness of his intended journey to London, and then was so unwilling to lose his conversation and company, that he made an occasion to go to Ashbourne, that he might conduct him so far on horseback by Hanson Toot and Bentley.*

Angler. I have heard say that Colonel Lovelace was afterwards, in his distress, a constant partaker of Mr. Cotton's open and generous disposition.

Hof. Alas ! Sir, his disposition is over generous for his fortunes ; and it is famous in all the Peak, that Mr. Cotton is now detained

* That this friendship, so happily begun between the two poets, was a lasting one we have undoubted evidence in Mr. Cotton's Elegy '*To the Memory of my worthy Friend Coll. RICHARD LOVELACE,*' appended to a posthumous edition of Lovelace's *Lucaſta*, printed in 1659, the year after his death. In this collection of poems is one addressed by Lovelace 'To the nobleſt of our Youth, 'and beſt of Friends, CHARLES COTTON, Eſquire, being 'at *Beresford*, at his houſe in *Staffordſhire* ;' in which is the following teſtimony of gratitude for Mr. Cotton's having contributed to his neceſſities, when he was in priſon.

'What fate was mine, when in mine obſcure cave,
'Shut up almoſt cloſe priſoner in a grave,
'Your beams could reach me through the vault of night,
'And canton the dark dungeon with light.'—ED.

from Beresford against his desires, lest his enemies should incommode him.

Angler. Say not so : I would not have it true, that a gentleman of so high a candour and of such worth should be an exile from his estates.

Hof. Were it other than true, I should indeed be happy : he has none but friends in all this country, unless it be some remnant of those injurious and rank weeds that sprung up through the Commonwealth under the late tyranny. He is of a clear courage, like his noble father ; and both manifested a constant loyalty for the king, during the frenzy of those rugged times.

Painter. It may be this brought against him a part of his present cares.

Hof. Alas, it did that ; for it is a known truth how the estate was encumber'd on his Majesty's behalf : and indeed my master showed himself to be a loving subject in those sad distractions, when there was a danger so much as to be thought of the royal party. And another great charge was to enrich his house and grounds with all manner of curious ornamental art, in so much that they be noted in these parts for a garden of devices. And some of our chiefest nobility think themselves happy in Mr.

Cotton's friendship ; as Lord Jermayne, and the most noble Earl of Devonshire,* who lives in his stately mansion at Chatworth, and permits a familiarity with him ; nay, I have seen them practise with foils in our great Hall, and notwithstanding the Earl has the longer arm and is esteemed a very dextrous fencer, he cannot, with all his *parries*, defend himself against Mr. Cotton's *counterpoint* and skilful *disengagements*.

Painter. I pray you, what age is Mr. Charles Cotton ?

Hof. Sir, Mr. Cotton was born forty-seven years, gone the 28th of last month : but he is yet in the morning and flower of his life ; and to look at him you might believe him to be less than forty, by reason of his youthful carriage and comeliness ; and when he converses with his inferiors, such as myself and others, who have the happiness to call him our master, the sweetness of his discourse and his discreet familiarity expels every fear. And then, Sir ! if you could see him, (as I have often,) in his suit of slashed velvet, or rich taffeta, you would be sure he was bred at court ; indeed, he is notable for

* William, Earl of Devonshire, mentioned in Cotton's *Wonders of the Peak*, p. 24. 1681.—ED.

his comportment and alluring person. Nevertheless, I have sometimes seen him transported beyond his usual behaviour : and I cannot help me from smiling at a story of himself, I have heard him relate to his friends.

Angler. I beseech you let us have it.

Hof. Well, Sir ! you are to know Mr. Cotton will sometimes have a slight hindrance in his speech ; and so on a time he found a stout beggar that sat under the great yew tree, near to the door of the Hall ; whereupon he asked him, with an hesitation, ‘ What—d—do—d—do—here—f—friend ? ’—Now it chanced the beggar had the same infirmity of speech with noble Mr. Cotton, but greater ; so he began to stammer in his answering, and make wry words and looks ; upon this, Mr. Cotton, thinking he mocked at him, seized the man on a sudden, and declared he was a sturdy rogue, and he would teach him his manners, and have him put in the stocks. Thereupon the other, in his fright, could not but stut the more, seeing how obnoxious he was to so fine a gentleman ; till at length Mr. Cotton, finding it to be a real entanglement in the fellow’s speech, was all at once mollified, and did humbly ask pardon for his first severity ; and after that fell a laughing, and with pleasant persuasions called him into

his house, and feasted him there, till the beggar thought himself as g-great as a L-Lord.

Painter. Ah! ha! ha! a mighty pleasant story.

Angler. I dare to think the beggar was not the only guest at the Hall that has tasted of Mr. Cotton's good cheer.

Hof. Sir, you are right; and I well remember, when my master resolved to build the fishing-house, and that Prospect Tower, that you shall see to-morrow, he engaged a master architect from the town of Nottingham, to see that the stone-work was skilfully managed. This was Mr. Lancelot Rolleston,* a man of solid abilities, and instructed in many arts; and because he was of a fertile wit, and withal a brother of the angle, Mr. Cotton held him to be, as he always proved himself, a brave gentleman and a scholar, and after a time, entered into a familiarity with him, which hath continued to this day:—but Sirs,—I humbly ask your pardon;—I would not be thought to venture myself on your civility, nor take too much of the conversation.

* Probably the son of Mr. Thomas Rolleston, who built the church at Mayfield, in Dove Vale, in 1616.—*Pitt's Survey of Staffordshire*, p. 225.—ED.

Painter. Trust me, we think ourselves happy in these testimonies of Mr. Cotton ; but see, the ale tarries with you ; so fill your cup, and let us hear further of Mr. Rolston.

Hof. Well then, Sir, as I told you, that architect was often persuaded by Mr. Cotton to come to him at Beresford ; and I cannot doubt was largely rewarded ; and this was only reasonable, seeing he was a famous man in these parts, and above all a delicate limner. And so it happened on a time, when he came all the way from Nottingham to give order for the works, that Mr. Cotton greatly desired his company one day more at Beresford, that he might finish some landskip pictures in the fishing-house. This the other could not do with convenience to himself, at that time ; therefore he asked leave to be gone after dinner. But Mr. Cotton did so entertain his guest with good wine, and better conversation, that the architect forgot, or would not care for his journey, until the night was come. Then Mr. Cotton told him how there was no moonlight, and he might chance to break his neck between this and Ashbourne, whither his occasions called him, and endeavoured to persuade him it would be more prudent to take his bed at the Hall, and promised he might depart early the next morning. But the other

declared he was able to find his way by Hanson Toot and Bentley Brook, though he were hood-winked.

Well, Sirs, Mr. Cotton seeing him bent on his dark journey, secretly desired his servants should bring one of his own horses from the stable ; and when the architect mounted into his saddle with alacrity, not seeing how he had another man's jennet, Mr. Cotton wished him a good journey at the gate with a secret mirthful composure. And so the other got to Ashbourne and slept at the Talbot Inn ; and on the morrow, when the hostler brought him the nag, how was he then astonished to find he had not his own beast ; and declared the man was not awake to give him such a sorry jade. Then the other humbly disabused him, and said, he knew the horse these many a year, for it was noble Mr. Cotton's at Beresford Hall.

Angler. Bravely done : and what followed ?

Host. Then the architect began unwillingly to perceive how my master had served him this facetious turn ; and because the exchange was not to his advantage, he considered it was best for him to come again to Beresford ; and so he did, as Mr. Cotton hoped he would : then they laughed together at the innocent fraud thus put upon him, and Mr. Rolston, being in

a happy mood, set his thoughts to work, and painted all that day, and the day after, in the fishing-house, and contrived some natural imitations of the rocks and other prospects thereabouts.

Angler. Excellent !

Painter. I doubt not the limnings are traced with a dextrous freedom.

Host. Aye, truly ; and some ornaments of his workmanship are there, which I hope to make you welcome to, more worthy than the landskips : for it chanced in the last summer, when Mr. Izaak Walton passed some peaceful days at Beresford, this artist rode thither from Nottingham ; and nothing would content my master, but he must have Mr. Walton's portraiture, painted from the life in colours on the pannel of the beaufet, opposite to the mantel in the fishing-house. But Mr. Rolston declared, with many protestations, he was not skilful painter enough for such endeavours. Thereupon a friendly contest arose between all three ; for Mr. Walton liked not the motion, and was so modest as to insist that the fishing-house should be better graced with the picture of Mr. Cotton himself, who was the happy inventor of it. Nevertheless my master would, for this time, have his pleasure, and did entreat

Mr. Walton to sit with an angler's professed patience, and suffer Mr. Rolston to paint his likeness; and moreover, he promised he would read them a book and converse the while. And then he opened the beaufet, and said gaily; Now, Sir, can you resist the temptation of '*The Shepherds' Oracles, delivered in certain Eglogues, by Francis Quarles?*' Whereupon Mr. Walton replied, There you touch me nearly, and I promise to sit and listen quietly, if you will be pleased to read aloud *Canonicus*, the Shepherd's, reproofs against the scismatical *Anarchus*. That will I, (then my master said,) but first I crave leave to entertain Mr. Rolston with your friend John Marriott's address to the Reader; and he will not think it the less ingenious when I make bold to declare that some other pen than the Printer's (then he looked with a meaning at Mr. Walton) hath touched the description of Francis Quarles, as he 'walked down towards the brook, furnished with all proper angle rods, lines, and flies.'

Angler. I remember, he fell in with some Arcadian shepherdessees, keeping the festival of their great god Pan. Would I could repeat it, for it is a sparkling allegory, especially suitable to all fishermen.

Host. Sir, I have the book itself, locked up

in this cabinet.

Angler. Indeed ! then, I beseech you, let us look into it, that my brother may judge whether or no Mr. Walton had a hand in the composition of that address to the Reader.

Hof. Sir, here it is.

Angler. The 'SHEPHEARDS' ORACLES : ' * and look, brother, at this significant frontispiece, engraved by W. M. ; there is the tree of the Church, that a mixed close-cropped rabble of schismatics are picking and digging at, if by any means they may uproot it from the earth. And there is that man of a tub who has pierced through and through the books of the Liturgy and the Canons : and the Jesuit, with his Roman knife, stripping the bark. But our late pious king, with his sword and sceptre, makes a rout of them, whilst the careful Bishop holds the loved tree in his embrace, and nur-

* Printed by M. F. for John Marriott and Richard Marriott, and are to be sold at their shop in St. Dunstan's Church-yard, Fleet Street, under the Dyall, 1646. A posthumous work, as the poet died in 1644. Francis Quarles, author of Divine Emblems, had been cup bearer to Elizabeth, Electress Palatine, daughter of James I., and afterwards Secretary to Archbishop Usher. His loyalty exposed him to persecution during the Rebellion.—ED.

tures the roots with the waters of sound doctrine.

Painter. And from above the sword of the Spirit invincibly spread out to protect His church, as if to say, '*I will contend with him that contends with thee, and I will save thy children.*'* But for the Printer's address?

Angler. Listen. — — — After some notice of the lamented death of Francis Quarles, the reader is '*requested to fancy that the author was walking a gentle pace on a summer's morning towards a brook, not far distant from his peaceful habitation, fitted with angle, lines, and flies, proper for the fruitfull month of May, intending all diligence to beguile the timorous trout; when he observed a more than common concourse of shepheards, all bending their unwearied steps towards a pleasant meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold two fair shepherdesses strewing the foot paths with lillies and lady-smocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands that they yet smelt more sweet than the morning, and immediately he met (attended with Clora and Clorinda, I think were their names, and many other wood nymphs,) the fair and*

* If. xlix. 25.

‘*virtuous Parthenia, who after a courteous salutation, told him that the neighbour-shepherds of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their great god Pan; she told him also that Orpheus would be there, and bring his harp, Pan his pipe, and Titerus his oaten-reed to make music at the feast; she therefore persuaded him not to lose, but to change that day’s pleasure.*’ And (not to detain you with the whole) you are to believe this first acquaintance of the Author with the single-hearted shepherds grew into a friendship; and he would often ‘*rest himself among them and their flocks feeding about them, in the calm evening, as he returned from his river recreations, and heard that discourse which (with the Shepherds’ names) is presented in these Eglogues.*’

Hof. Thus Mr. Walton was enticed to patience; for my master knows his humour, and is never so happy as when he can give him pleasure.

Painter. And, if I may judge by these images of rural life, Mr. Walton himself had some participation in the address.

Angler. And doubtless he knew that he might claim Francis Quarles for a worthy brother of the angle.

Painter. What would I not have given to witness the freedom of those three contented gentlemen in the fishing-house !

Hof. Sirs, I would that you, who are so great lovers of angling, had there seen the sweet compliance and resignation of Mr. Walton : his particular smiling gravity seasons all his actions, and by little and little the limner became so enamoured of his countenance that he stamped his very image against the pannel of the cabinet ; yet all the while he professed he could not manage it with truth to the original. I well remember what a joy Mr. Cotton expressed by his words and countenance, when the portrait was finished, because he should never be in want of a lively image of his ‘ dear adopted father.’

Angler. And I may prophecy that the portraiture of our excellent master will be cherished for ages yet to come by all anglers, who may gather from his lineaments the blessedness of a peaceful spirit.

Hof. After this was finished, Mr. Walton declared he would have a reward for his conformableness, and be permitted to take his recreation by the river : and so it was agreed that he and Mr. Cotton should have a bout of fishing.

Angler. Pr'ythee leave not a word untold of his methods of angling.

Hoft. Well, then, Sir! Mr. Cotton gave order to his serving-boy to bring the rods and fishing-harnes from the Hall: and to work they went. Then my master, seeing how Mr. Walton silently busied himself in fixing a worm on the arming of his hook, challenged him to fish with the fly; whereat the other with his own smile (that shews he hath no other season than a continual spring within) answered him; 'Nay, Sir, 'I hope to catch more pounds of fish with my 'brandlings before supper time, than you shall 'do with all your choicest flies.' To this Mr. Cotton replied: 'Say you so? Let that be a 'match between us; hither boy! bring my 'landing net and pannier, and let us down the 'stream below the swifts.' Then he desired I would attend carefully on Mr. Walton; and said, 'Farewell Mr. Piscator, and look how you 'put your angle to good use, for now you are 'not on the banks of your Lea, but must fish 'in clear Derbyshire streams:' to which the other returned him a pleasant nod of the head; and all the while he had prepared his tackling, without any noise, and dropped his line with a sober mischievous look into the Pike Pool: then seeing his quill to dip suddenly, he answered

with a gaiety, ‘Anon, Sir! look you there;—
‘for I am certain I have a nabble.’

Hoft. And true it was, for he hook’d a trout,
and, you may believe me, a big one.

Painter. I suspect he had an old acquaintance
with that pool.

Hoft. And he handled his fish with a singular
discretion, and then I landed him by his desire
in the net. No sooner did Mr. Cotton see this,
than he was suddenly resolved to be away, and
said: ‘Marry, Sir! that is an ill omen for my
‘match. . Come, boy! the wind sets from this
‘bank, keep aloof from the stream:’ and with
that he went towards a choice part lower down,
where an angler, that is an artist, may scarce
miss his entertainment.

Angler. You waited then on Mr. Walton?
I am ready to envy you such a pleasure, and
the advantage of learning some of his devices in
angling.

Hoft. Believe me, Sir, you would also love
to hear him discourse; for he proportions all he
says with a most pleasing contexture of grave
and cheerful things, and delights in contem-
plating the beauty and order of the works of
God; and he naturally turns the thoughts of
his companions to the Great Architect, that
contrived the wonderful structure of them; per-

suading them to the belief that the most true, and only secure, happiness is in virtue.

Painter. That is a cheerful industrious Christian, who doth not lay up religion like a suit, to be kept for holidays ; but sucks divinity out of every flower, and in a secret way turns it into honey.

Hoft. And all the while he discourses, you may see him handle his rod with a master's skill : and he has some commixture of oil and gums, or other experimental artifices, that most anglers have no knowledge of, to tempt the trouts to his hook.

Angler. I have not a doubt it is that receipt of his friend, Richard Roe, as given by Mr. John Davors, in his *Secrets of Angling* ; and I can avouch that it is an excellent good one.

Wouldst thou catch fish ?

Then here's thy wish ;

Take this receipt

To anoint thy bait.

- ' Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
- ' Be it in Poole, in River, or in Brook,
- ' To blisse thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
- ' Loe, here's a means, if thou cans't hit it right.
- ' Take Gum of Life, fine beat, and laid to soak
- ' In Oyle, well drawn from that which kills the Oak :
- ' Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill,
- ' When twenty fail THOU shalt be sure to kill.'

PROBATUM.

*It's perfect and good,
If well understood,
Else not to be told
For silver or gold.**

R. R.

Hof. Sir, I know not if this or any other were his charm to tempt the fishes to his bait ; but having quickly landed his second trout, he said, ‘ We shall have no more present bites in ‘ Pike Pool, seeing we have disturbed the water ; ‘ so come, Mr. Marsh, if you please, let us not ‘ lose our time hereabouts, but try some other ‘ parts, that we may win our match from the ‘ skilful fly-fisher.’ After that he took a walk higher up the stream to the fishing-house, and shewed his trouts to Mr. Rolston, who was still there to give some last touches to the portraiture. Then he so persuasively entreated the limner to paint him a trout in colours, on one of the pannels, that the other could not find it in his thoughts to refuse his request. But Mr. Walton did not beguile his time in the fishing-house ; for he remembered how he was to kill more fishes than Mr. Cotton, and so he continued his industrious angling until my mas-

* The Secrets of Angling ; teaching the choicest tooles, baits, and seasons for the taking of any fish in pond or river : practised and familiarly opened in three Books. By J. Davors, Esquire. 1652.—ED.

ter returned again, a little before sun-set, and brought with him many brace of trouts. And then Mr. Cotton said gaily, 'My service to you, 'good gentleman, most patient angler, what 'have your brandlings done for you?—hast 'caught any fish?—it is time to give over.' To this Mr. Walton replied, 'Hold, Sir, but half a 'minute, and I'll tell you : ' for at that very time he had hooked his last trout, and was playing him ; and indeed he managed him with such a craftiness and would not give him a quiet moment to himself, but forced him with a most gentle violence up and down the stream, till he was brought to the last extremity ; in so much that Mr. Cotton could not but applaud his skill, when he saw the fish at his length languishing on the bank. And after that, Mr. Rolston was called from the fishing-house to be a judge of the contest ; and all the trouts were counted out on the grass ; but Mr. Walton's fishes were more than the other's by some pounds in weight ; and so it was declared his bottom fishing had won the match for him ; and upon that they all returned with merry hearts to the Hall. And now, Gentlemen, it may be expected I should ask your pardon, seeing I have occupied your attention with this long discourse.

Angler. We are greatly beholden to you for

so pleasant a history.

Painter. And I am glad our walk to-morrow will be along the banks of the river, and that I am to see those choice linnings in the fishing-house.

Angler. And now let's to bed. Come, brother, you and I will read a chapter out of Mr. Marth's great Bible; and that will make our sleep the sweeter, and not hinder our sport to-morrow.

Painter. It is well thought, so do you choose for us.

Angler. Where all are so exceeding good, I shall not be long before I suit you. Here is the 23d Psalm of King David, where he testifies to the loving mercy of God, and how his soul reposed in confidence, that He would be near to comfort him, and sweeten all his trials. Shall I read from that?

Painter. By all means: for I am of the opinion of St. Basil, that if all the other books of Scripture could perish, that of the Psalms would be a sufficient holy amulet to put to flight the enemy of mankind; and I remember how that Psalm begins—*'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.'*

Angler. —[Reads.]

Painter. How surprising high are the strains of this joyful hymn, wherein David pours out the breathings of his faith, which established him the man after God's own heart. No language or thought can surpass those high celestial eulogiums, which have been the prayers of the church from age to age.

Angler. Yet was King David loved of his 'Shepherd' before he loved Him in return; as holy Austin writes, 'God crowns with acceptance not our works, but the gifts of His own grace.'

Painter. And although David thought it his highest privilege, 'to dwell in the house of the Lord;' yet doubtless he looked further than the sanctuary of Jerusalem to the courts of the heavenly Zion, and to the eternal abiding of spirits, glorified in the divine presence. For surely the beatific sights and voices, vouchsafed in after days to the beloved and holy John, were not unknown to 'the sweet singer of Israel.' He understood how the fold and pasturage of his Shepherd did, after a spiritual sort, foreshadow the final gathering of 'Christ's' sheep, that are now dispersed abroad in the 'midst of this naughty world,'* into the folds of

* Ordination Service: charge to the priests.—ED.

glory. And now, brother, let us betake ourselves to rest, with King David, praising God for all the health and other blessings we enjoy, which are but as one drop out of that boundless ocean of joy and treasure He will hereafter bestow for a life of holiness. Good night.

All. Good night.






CHAPTER III.

The Host conducts the Angler and Painter to Beresford Hall and Mr. Cotton's Fishing House on the River Dove.

Painter.

 O, brother, you are 'stirring with
'the lark.'

Angler. Aye, Sir, I have been wakeful this hour and past; and because I heard you were a-bed, I fauntered out awhile, that I might have the enjoyment of the fresh morning.

Painter. And I'll warrant, you wandered down to the banks of the river, like a crane, to look after fishes.

Angler. You have made a wrong guess for this turn: because after a while I chanced to find myself in the church-yard, and quietly walked up and down.

Painter. Surely that was a sad employment!

Angler. Pensive, so please you, but not sad : and there I met the sexton,—not ‘an ill willer ‘to human nature,’ but an honest good man, who had the key of the church : and I have seldom seen a country church more embellished with rare carving and joiners’ work :—you may believe me, it is quite unmatched.

Painter. Indeed !

Angler. And Mr. Cotton’s family seat is carved with delicate ornaments ; and his armorial bearings chiselled in oak, with a canopy over head, in rich tracery work. Indeed, the whole church, as the baptismal font, and chancel, the pulpit and altar, and a lofty organ, all worthy of those earlier and better ages, when the same spirit pervaded the Church as possessed the heart of Mary Magdalene, who bestowed upon her loved Master that alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, as the most precious testimony of her reverence and affection. For then mankind were of opinion that the houses of God, dedicated to His service and worship, were deserving of all the honour they could pay to them, as being His temples who hath consecrated the Church by His own blood.

Painter. They were better times indeed.—Alas ! the day when the separatists of this nation like the heathen of old, ‘*raged, and the people*

'imagined a vain thing!' when *'the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed'*—sad workers of pillage, who defaced the sanctuary, stripped the altars, overturned the holy fonts, broke the ornamental paintings of the windows, and rich tracery work in stone, made free booty of the sacramental plate, and stabled their troopers even beneath the holy vaulted roofs, which had wont to resound to the voices of the choirs,—chaunting the praises of God; but then, alas! made to re-echo their unhallowed imprecations against all ordinances and government.

Angler. But fear not, brother.—God is ever with His Church; and hath He not said, *'I will restore to you the years that the locust and the cankerworm hath eaten?'** Believe me, a bright day of joy shall come, when our village churches, and those fair stately ministers throughout the land, and especially their daily services and the appointed festivals, shall be restored as in ancient times. — What! did not God stir up the spirit of the heathen king of Persia to cause His holy temple to be rebuilt after the long captivity of His people in Babylon? *'Then Joshua and Jerubbabel, and their bre-*

* Joel ii. 25.

‘*thren builded the altar of the God of Israel, and offered the DAILY OFFERINGS, according to the custom, as the duty of every day required, and afterward the continual services of all the SET FEASTS THAT WERE CONSECRATED.*’ † Did the Spirit of God thus kindle the affections of the Israelites ‘*as one man ?*’ And is His arm shortened that He cannot deliver ? Then I may never believe that our kings, and the nobles and people of this christian land, and her ‘*merchants and traffickers, who are princes and the honourable of the earth,*’ ‡ will ornament their own ceiled houses and tables with the pride of gold and precious things, and leave the temples of their master, who died for them, ‘*as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.*’ §

Painter. I declare, dear brother, your fond hopes make my heart burn within me ; and I will believe and pray that our altars and fonts, and the holy sacraments, shall be established in the affections of the people of England : and this branch of the CATHOLIC CHURCH spread her shadowing influence far and near, and carry forth our name and religion to the most distant regions. Then may we see that oneness of the

† Ezra iii.

‡ Isa. xxiii. 8.

§ Is. i. 8.

church restored, which holy Ignatius speaks of, when ‘ *the Presbytery was so fitted together into the Bishop as strings into a harp, and when Jesus Christ was sung in unity of mind, and the ancient one-voiced hymn of love was sung, the people, man by man, being the harmonious chorus.*’* But no more of this.

Angler. Well then, tell me how you slept.

Painter. To be honest, I was so weary after our walk from Derby, I could not rouse myself till mine host entered my chamber, and told me you were up and drest.

Angler. Well! do not mock at me, if I confess I had many dreams glided into my mind, concerning the Dove and that meek master of angling, Mr. Izaak Walton. And such was the confusion of my thoughts, I was deluded into a belief that I went a fishing with him.

Painter. Went a-fishing in your dreams, with Mr. Izaak Walton! that’s brave! an excellent conceit!

Angler. It is a truth; and yet by a strange perversity I was ever detained on the opposite side of the river from him; and as he looked upon me with a benevolent aspect, his very

* S. Ignatius : Epist. ad Ephesios, iii. 4.

garb and gesture were full of primitive composure.

Painter. Worthy disciple of a benevolent master ! And there you could peruse the very dress and bearing of PISCATOR, as you went fishing with him. Oh ! the mysteries of this craft of angling ! And did you converse nothing with the serene old gentleman ?

Angler. Sometimes I essayed to speak with him, but he placed his finger on his lip, in token of a mutual silence. Then I dreamed that he caught a basket full of fishes with his worms, and I meanwhile was not able to take one. Whereupon methought I climbed a rock to come at him, that I might have a part in his recreation on the other side the river ; but when I would have struggled to go over the rock, I was hindered by an invisible check ; and being in danger of falling, I attempted to call out to him for assistance ; but then my voice faulted, and I could not persuade him to give me an answer ; for he would only beckon me to silence by placing his finger on his lip.

Painter. Ah ! ha ! ha ! And all the while this meek master of anglers went on to ply his art, and catch fishes, and now and then was so condescending as to look upon you with a benevolent aspect ?

Angler. Nevertheless methought it uncivil in him not to be more troubled to see me dangling on the rock.

Painter. It was all because of his sweetness and serenity ; for doubt not he felt a pity for your unpleasantness : and what other accidents befell you in this pleasant dream of yours ?

Angler. I was all in a confusion of thoughts ; sometimes I tangled my fishing-harness on the branches of the trees ; and after that a great fish carried it all away with the top joint of my rod, just as I thought to land him ; then again I found myself on the slippery sides of Hanson Toot ; and just as — — but here comes the host.

Host. Gentlemen, your servant. I hope you slept soundly, and found the beds to your liking ?

Painter. Excellent well : and pleasant dreams to boot : for this gentleman —

Angler. Hush ! hush ! — — your ‘ finger on ‘ your lip.’

Painter. I understand :—come, Mr. Marsh, let us have a light breakfast, a morning cup of barley wine, with a manchet or two, or an oaten cake, and then for Beresford Hall, and Mr. Cotton’s fishing-house. What are you for, brother ?

Angler. I care not if it be ale, or sweet whey fresh from the cheefe-vat, so you give me such an oaten cake as we had yesterday.

Hoft. Gentlemen, here they are at your service.—And now, if it please you, I'll be your willing guide to Beresford Hall.

Angler. If you are in earnest and your own business will permit, we shall be greatly beholden to you.

Hoft. I have occasion towards Hartington ; and the Hall stands by the road.

Painter. I'm glad to hear it : so, by your leave, we'll light our pipes, and whiff a counterblast* to King James, of peaceable memory. Now, brother, 'en avant ;' I am ready for as many measures of Derbyshire miles as a reasonable, courteous gentleman may challenge.

Angler. You are mettlesome betimes ; and we may chance to put you to the trial.

Hoft. Sir, two miles will suffice to bring us

* His Majesty had so great a distaste to the use of *the weed*, that he wrote a treatise against it, intituled, 'A COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.' It was re-published in 4to. in 1672, with 'a learned discourse by Dr. Everard Maynwaring, proving that tobacco is a procuring cause of the scurvy.' This royal pedantic treatise is thought to be a considerable 'counterblast' to His Majesty's fame as an author.—ED.

to the Hall ; but I should first tell you there are two ways ; one is the coach road, and the other a bridle-way through the Narrow Dale ; and this last is the shortest.

Angler. I incline to whichever Mr. Cotton travels by, when he is on horseback, because that was the road he took with VIATOR, when he pointed to the house, and said, '*This is now like to be your inn for want of a better.*'

Painter. If I may choose, let it be whichever will give us the best prospect over Beresford Hall.

Angler. You are in the right, brother : I yield me to your better opinion.

Hof. Well, then, Gentlemen, you shall both have your desires, if you will take to the right hand path, which leads to Narrow Dale.

Angler. Now we are out upon the hills, what a spacious prospect is before us ! and here's a sweet-scented morning, fit for honest anglers.

Painter. But what a rocky barren place ! and what lines of stone walls, that have cost more money to build than the land is worth !

Hof. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, the pasturage hereabouts is very fertile ; and you may remember how Mr. Cotton declares '*these hills breed and feed good beef and mutton.*'

Angler. Aye, and make the best cheese that goes to Derby market.

Painter. But you will not deny this to be a lone country of moorish mountains, and no ornament of woods to give them a relief?

Hof. Very true, Sir, when you are upon the hills; but down in the dales and glens, and by the banks of our trouty streams, I may undertake to find you some rich landskips, so grown over with shady sycamore, and all kinds of trees, that you will not think it tedious to walk along them.

Angler. And forget not, brother, these are the very scenes, where the two great masters of my art have loved to wile away their cheerful hours, in the most excellent of all recreations, and have been possessed with those happy thoughts which they have recorded in the first and second parts of the *Complete Angler*. And so long as truth and virtuous inclinations have any power to move the affections, their book shall continue to be embalmed in the judgments of men. Who that has read those pages can wander on the banks of never-ceasing Dove, where they have whispered their silent joys, or tread the paths they have trod, linked in a generous friendship, without some touch of a mutual feeling! But come, Mr. Marth, we are ready to follow you.

Hof. Gentlemen, so please you to turn down

this lane ; and now we are come to the top of Narrow Dale, look through the opening of the hills, and there is Beresford before you.

Angler. There, Sir, there ! what say you now ?

Painter. Indeed, a goodly mansion in the distance : and those mountains which bound the prospect rise up with a natural variety, and blend themselves into an harmonious landskip.

Angler. And does not ‘ *the house stand prettily ?* ’

Painter. Aye, truly : and now, brother, as we approach so near to the object of our happy pilgrimage, I glow with a part of your zeal.—Forgive me that I have been merry against anglers, and couched my doubtful meaning beneath some quips and quibbles. But now I open my heart to you, that I may participate in all your pleasures, and therefore do you guide and govern me, for I am wholly yours.

Angler. And there’s my hand in testimony that I return all your friendly thoughts : and I doubt not you will be better entertained on a nearer acquaintance with Beresford Hall.

Painter. But, methinks, there is something of a Tower.

Angler. Nay, I see it not.

Painter. There, above the woods, to the right of the mansion.

Angler. At the top of the hill ?

Host. The same ; and it is called the Flam-beaux Tower.

Painter. It is all a choice subject, therefore give me leave to make a hasty design.

Angler. In this, brother, you show your love for me. And pr'ythee, mine host, is the Tower of Mr. Cotton's building ?

Host. Aye, Sir, and of free-stone, brought from the quarry that lies a few miles off. But I shall not here enlarge to particulars, because a closer view will testify how it is done by the clearest rules of order.

Angler. But wherefore the name of the Flam-beaux Tower ?

Host. Sir, I am to tell you that is a fancy of Mr. Cotton's ; for he will often ride a distance from home, to visit the Earl of Devonshire at Chatworth, or to Haddon Hall, and other great houses, that he may take the pastime of hunting the red deer, and hawking, and such like diversions, as gentlemen in England love to exercise themselves in : so you may believe he will sometimes return to the Hall by night.

Painter. Methinks he should be a skilful rider to trust his neck over these precipices and hills in the dark.

Host. Sir, you may trust my master's well-

bred steeds, and if you could but once see him on horseback, you would have no fears about him : for he has learned to ride the great horse in the schools ; and no bounds or faults can move him. And when he is mounted for the field, in his close doublet and large round hosen, with his high boots, he is like a part of his horse, and you would presently ask, ‘ what noble cavalier is yonder ? ’ and I have but this more to say, when I was once in attendance upon him at the Earl of Derby’s with his cast of hawks, I heard the ‘ *loyal Duke* ’ of Newcastle,* that excellent judge of horsemanship, declare before a great company of gallants that he knew no gentleman who carried himself more gracefully in the manage of a horse than Mr. Cotton. And thus it is, when he is expected home o’ dark nights, my lady will cause the beacon to be lighted at the top of the Tower, that he may have a sure guide across the hills, and an early

* William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, a finished gentleman, and a most distinguished patriot, was author of the well-known work on horsemanship, originally published in French at Antwerp in 1658, fol., and afterwards in English under the title of ‘ *A new Method and extraordinary Invention to dress Horses, and work them according to Nature, as also to perfect Nature by the Subtilty of Art.* ’ 1667. fol.—ED.

distant welcome to cheer him.

Painter. A brave thought, and like the beautiful Hero, in ancient story, when she waited impatiently on the rocks for her Leander to swim across the Hellespont, at a great hazard, and only for the sweet short joy of breathing out his love ;—then she set up a blazing torch, to be his guiding star through the darkness of the night and the deep waves.

Hof. Indeed ? now I see why Mr. Cotton will sometimes call it his '*Hero's Tower!*' * and I was too unlearned to understand the reason of it before ; but this I know, there is none

* In a poetic epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq. describing his journey from London to *Basford Hall*, in his coach and four, he thus alludes to the Tower :

‘ Tuesday at noon at Lichfield town we bated,
 ‘ But there some friends, who long that hour had waited,
 ‘ So long detain’d me, that my charioteer
 ‘ Could drive that night but to Uttoxeter.
 ‘ And there the Wedn’sday, being market-day,
 ‘ I was constrain’d with some kind lads to stay,
 ‘ Tippling till afternoon, which made it night,
 ‘ When from my *Hero's Tow'r* I saw the light
 ‘ Of her Flambeaux, and fanci’d, as we drave,
 ‘ Each rising hillock was a swelling wave,
 ‘ And that I swimming was, in Neptune’s spight,
 ‘ To my long-long’d-for harbour of delight.’

Poems on several occasions, 1689, 8°.—ED.

within the Hall but is ready to bid the master welcome when he comes.

Angler. That I believe ; and I remember how VIATOR says to Mr. Cotton ; ‘ *that your meal is so soon ready is a sign your servants know your certain hours.* ’ No doubt, they attend upon him with alacrity.

Hof. It were strange else ; and I would you might see the gladness of the commonalty and poorer sorts that live hereabouts, to have him amongst them ;—as on Sundays, when they expect him at the church-door in Alstonfields, at the fix’t hour of service ; or on festivals and holidays, when the young men and maidens look for him to be a witness of their country pastimes, and think their May-day games, and Lamb-ale at sheep-shearing feasts, want half their joyfulness, if any accident hinders him ;—such is their natural affection for his person. But now, Gentlemen, we are to take this side of the Narrow Dale, for in some parts it is boggy and moory ; you may see the path winds by a moderate declivity ; and now we are come to the bottom, and here is Beresford Lane ; so we may pass under this row of ash-trees to the outer gate :— — will you be pleased to enter ?

Angler. Surely this steep road was cut out

of the rock, and here is a young wood about it, which seems to be of Mr. Cotton's own planting.

Hof. Aye, Sir : for he loves the ornamental art of planting gardens and orchards ; nay, he hath writ a book of instructions for the same, and caused it to be printed in London.*

Painter. Indeed ! I knew not he was author of any book, save his COMPLETE ANGLER.

Hof. Sir, Mr. Cotton has produced various compositions : and to say the truth, I know not if angling or books have the greater charms for his vacant hours. Some of his writings are of a poetic cast, and there is one writ in praise of His present Majesty ; † and, as I have heard, some useful histories have been Englished by his pen out of the French tongue.‡

Angler. And I cannot doubt his writings re-

* The Planter's Manual of raising, planting, and cultivating all Sorts of Fruit-trees. London : 1675. 8vo.—ED.

† A Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, 1660. Folio.—ED.

‡ The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics. Translated from the French of Monsieur de Vaix. 1664. 8vo. And the Life of the Duke of Espernon, in 12 Books, wherein the History of France is continued, &c. Translated from the French of M. Girard. London : 1670. Folio.—ED.

flect the image of his ingenuous disposition, and show his reverence for virtue.

Painter. I hope they do. If they could be opposite to this—which I will not believe, unless you can tell me of your own knowledge,—I should wish that he had not composed them.

Host. And now, Gentlemen, this is Beresford Hall before you.

Angler. On my word, a handsome mansion.

Painter. I did not think to find such a fair house, so adorned with architecture : and what a spacious garden, full of contrivances to please the eye and plantations growing upon the rocks, and those open shady groves and vistas !

Host. Well, Sirs, I am proud to think it is not behind your expectations.

Painter. It hath a choice mixture of natural and composed beauties that I have not often seen surpassed.

Host. And within you will find every thing to be worthy of so honourable a gentleman as my master. By your leave, I'll go and warn the servants of your coming.

Angler.——Well, brother, what say you to all this ? I pray you look at the peaceful walks underneath those yew trees and chestnuts.

Painter. And the structure and workman-

ship of the house are deserving of note : see you the bear rampant carved in stone over the doorway ? — — but the host returns.

Host. Gentlemen, you have the liberty to make yourselves welcome : will you please to walk in, and a servant will attend you.

Angler. What a noble hall is here, wainscotted and pannelled in oak, with handsome furniture ! Observe this mantel with the Cotton arms carved in oak : and here the family quarterings let into the lattice in ancient coloured glass : and these high chairs and ebony coffers.

Painter. Above all, some exceeding good limnings, and doubtless portraitures ?

Host. Sir, they are pictures of the family.

Painter. I pray you, whose is this of so noble a mien ?

Host. That is my master's late father, Mr. Charles Cotton the elder, of Ovingden, in the county of Sussex, who died twenty years are now past. And here is the portraiture of my late mistress : she brought the mansion house and lands to the Cottons, in right of her mother, who was a descendant of the noble family of Beresford.

Angler. What a sweet modesty of disposition shines in every lineament of her face !

Host. You may believe me her look is but the mirror of her mind ; for such was the native meekness, discretion, and innocence of Mistress Olive Cotton, she was a pattern of women, and loved by the poor and rich.

Painter. It is the very image of candour : and the effects of the colours are so true to life, and the lights and shadows disposed with such a knowledge of the art, it is plain they are done by no less a hand than Sir Anthony Vandyke's. And who is this gentleman with his hunting-dogs beside him, and a hooded hawk on his wrist ?

Host. That, Sir, is another of this honourable family, and one who loved hunting and fowling ; he it was brought those antlers you see on either side of the mantel-piece, from some distant place in Ireland.

Painter. It is painted in the manner of that noted limner of Queen Elizabeth, Frederico Zuchero ; and I incline to believe it represents the queen's falconer in Ireland, when she commanded Sir Henry Sydney, *her deputie of that Realm*, to provide the Marquis of Savia, a nobleman of Spaine, '*with hawkes, doggs, and other such pleasures in exchange for certayne perfumed gloves he presented to her Majesty, much to her lyking and contentation.*'

Angler. And mark these ancient spurs, hunting-horns, and bits for bridles, and all kinds of implements for the chase, hanging up by the sides of the windows; and here a bundle of falcons' hoods, bells, and jesses.

Servant. Sir, next to the diversion of angling, my master loves falconry; and I have seen him cast and reclaim his hawks as skilfully as the best gentleman in the county. He entertained a noble large company of falconers, it is now three months past, and there were so many hounds and horses they could scarcely be provided withal. Nevertheless, my master rather applies himself to the practice of angling.

Angler. That I believe: and here is every kind of harness for fishing: fly rods and nets, and spears for eels.

Servant. So please you, Sir, on those two pegs yonder you may see an old angle rod, that my master lays great store by: it is roughly made, but has killed a huge quantity of trouts in its time; for it belongs to a worthy gentleman, Mr. Izaak Walton.

Angler. Say you so?

Servant. And I have many times seen him with that spliced rod and a little bag of brandlings, with a line and a float for bottom fishing, fill a good sized pannier within a little distance

from this, up and down Dove Dale.—Indeed, it is wonderful to see his artful methods.

Angler. I perceive you are well acquainted with his person.

Servant. Sir ! he is the most familiar of my master's friends : I have oftentimes waited upon him a-fishing, when he has visited the Hall, and hope to do so again ; for there is none of my master's guests we are all so pleased to serve ; he is so condescending, and always thinks himself obliged. We have a chamber that my master calls '*Mr. Walton's own chamber.*'

Angler. Indeed ! I must tell you I profess myself to be a scholar of his, and we call him the father of anglers : may we, therefore, have permission to see that apartment ?

Servant. With pleasure, Sir.

Angler. Come, brother, have you done with your admiration of those limnings ? If you please, we may pass on to see Mr. Walton's bed-chamber.

Painter. I am ready to attend you.

Servant. This way, Gentlemen, to the great staircase.

Angler. Lead on, and we will follow.

Servant. Sirs, here is the chamber I told you of.

Painter. I declare, a goodly apartment ; and

his bed with handsome coverlid and hangings : and I observe three angels' heads stamped on the ceiling in relief.

Angler. A fit emblem of the peaceful slumbers of the innocent ; and so, I am sure, are Mr. Walton's. And whose picture is that over the mantel ?

Servant. That is my master, Sir ; it was painted at Court, and brought last summer from London.

Angler. What a lively expression of eye, and a great sweetness in the lips !

Servant. It is the very look of my master ; and I have heard say it was done by the king's painter, after the expressed desire of Mr. Walton.

Painter. Aye, methought it was the touch of Lely, who hath been so deservedly honoured by his Majesty with the dignity of knighthood.

Angler. And is celebrated by the best poets* and wits of the age.

Painter. This portraiture is so delicately

* Colonel Richard Lovelace inscribes a panegyric to him in his *Lucastra*. And the following lines of Mr. Charles Cotton, addressed to the painter on another occasion, are applicable to his own portrait, and testify to the familiarity between the poet and the painter :—

limned, and the colours so admirable, it could only be of a master's hand.

Angler. Beseech you, brother, may not this chamber deserve to be highly esteemed of all anglers ; think—here it was VIATOR had his lodgings, when Mr. Cotton brought him to his house.

Host. There is the very bed where he was promised '*sheets laid up in lavender,*' and you may be sure he had them.

Painter. And see the pannels of oak-wood in figured patterns over the chimney.

Angler. It is a rich work, and falls in with the rest of the chamber : look at this fine cabinet chiselled in oak and inlaid with paintings.

Host. And here again the lattice windows set with the arms of Beresford and Cotton.

Painter. And whose crest is that ? An eagle with wings expanded, argent beaked and legged, and holding in his dexter a belt azure !

' Nature and art are here at strife ;
' This shadow comes so near to life,
' Sit still, *dear Lely*, thou'lt done that
' Thyself must love and wonder at.'

From a poem of Mr. Cotton's, '*To my friend Mr. Lely,*
' on his picture of the excellently virtuous lady, the Lady
' *Isabella Thynne,*' POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.
Printed 1689, 8°.—ED.

Host. That is my master's crest, and you may see three cotton hanks for arms ; that agrees with the name.

Angler. With a chevron azure between.

Painter. And a bear salient, sable armed gules, muzzled and chain'd or.

Host. These are the Beresford arms : and here the quarterings of the noble family of the Stanhopes.

Painter. Stanhope, say you ?—Quarterly ermine and gules—How is that ?

Host. Sir, you are to note, my late mistress Olive, the mother of Mr. Cotton, was the daughter of Sir John Stanhope, Knt. by the heiress of Beresford.

Angler. I thank you ; it is all of a piece, and excellently finished.

Host. Gentlemen, if I may be so bold to remind you, we have many other things which will entertain you for some hours—as the Flambeaux Tower, and the Fishing House, and the River.

Angler. True ; our present pleasing thoughts had made us forgetful : but we are ready to follow you.

Host. Then, if you please, we may descend once more to the hall, and so into the garden. — — And now I will lead you by this rising

ground to the Tower.

Angler. What is here?—a handsome terrace of grass, set round with a double row of trees.

Hofst. This is the bowling green : if you will take the trouble to look over this parapet, you may see a precipice some hundred feet deep.

Angler. It is quite a gulph, but overgrown with trees and briars. Here is a smooth ground for bowls ; and I remember PISCATOR speaks of this bowling green, and declares himself to be ‘ *no very great bowler ;* ’ but he says, ‘ *I am not so totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men’s.* ’

Hofst. That was but his modest opinion of himself ; for I have seen him play and win great matches at bowls and quoits, both here and on Wolfscote Hill, which is a little distance on the other side of the Dove. But here we have the Prospect Tower : you may see how it stands on the highest top of the rock, and within is an ornamented summer room.

Painter. It is a costly building, and in due proportions of architecture.

Angler. Then I beseech you deny me not a picture, if it be but an outline,—only a memento.

Painter. I am free to do your bidding. And would you have those handsome stone steps and

ballusters leading to the porch, and that stone seat near the door?

Angler. Aye, so please you; and do not forget some of those shady trees: but above all, the beacon on the top, which has served his beloved Hero to bring her Leander home, and recalls the olden times of our forefathers: for learned Mr. Lambarde,* in his Perambulation of Kent, brings this word from the 'Saxon *Bechnian*, which is to call by signe, or *beck-on*, 'when they were made of great stakkes of 'wood, but were ordained by King Edward 'the Third to be highe standards with their 'pitch-pots,' in the fashion you here see it.

Painter. 'Tis worthy of all my little skill: an enchanting spot, and nothing neglected for its adorning.

Angler. Was it built by merry Mr. Rolston?

Hofst. The same; and those smooth stones were brought from the quarries of Sheen, some miles off; and my master told him to do his utmost; because his resolution was to have a

* A PERAMBULATION OF KENT, containing the Descriptive Hyſtorie and Customes of that Shyre, by *William Lambarde*, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. 1576. 12°. He was one of the most eminent antiquaries of this country, and declared by the great Camden to be as distinguished for learning and piety. He was appointed

little apartment for his own especial privateness, where he might feast his eye with these prospects, and so retired from the world, that no one might interpose between him and the vein of his thoughts. For he is so inclinable to be in love with books, that he will sometimes pass his day in a continual study.

Angler. I remember, in that poem prefixed to his COMPLETE ANGLER, he says,

- ‘ Dear solitude, the soul’s best friend,
- ‘ That man acquainted with himself doth make,
- ‘ And all his Maker’s wonders to intend ;
- ‘ With thee I here converse at will,
- ‘ And would be glad to do so still ;
- ‘ For it is thou alone that keep’st the soul awake.
- ‘ How calm and quiet a delight
- ‘ It is, alone,
- ‘ To read, and meditate and write,
- ‘ By none offended, and offending none !’

Painter. Well, it is a place, of all others, where a man may create a phantastic world around him, free from all the accidents of fortune. And how tempered in our thoughts and

Keeper of the Records in the Tower, of which he presented an account to her Majesty, under the title of *Pandecta Rotulorum*. This, with other great works, did not see the light till published by his grandson in 1635. His tomb may be found in the church of Seven-oaks.—ED.

wishes should we all be, if we could oftener regale ourselves with such spiritual repasts of study and contemplation ! But come, I have designed the tower in black and white ; and now let us within.

Hof. This way, Sirs,—and so to the top. Here is the beacon and the marks of the torch-lights, that have many a night guided my master on his return to the Hall.

Angler. Look over this mirador, and see the garden below embroidered with roses, and other choicest plants and flowers.

Painter. It is a little paradise : there is such a concealed artfulness in these contrivances, as makes them like a cultivated nature.

Hof. This we use to call the garden of the tower, and every flower and shrub hath been planted and watered by the hand of his Countess.*

Angler. And here Mr. Cotton occupies many hours with great pleasantness to himself, in writing those histories you spoke of ?

Painter. It is not to be wondered at ; for so peaceful a spot might well kindle the thoughts

* The second wife of Mr. Cotton ; Mary, the daughter of Sir William Russell, and widow of Wingfield Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass.—ED.

of a less cheerful writer.

Angler. But look ! what is yonder ? a house by the side of the river, in the shade of some trees !

Hofst. That, Sir, is the FISHING-HOUSE.

Angler. And the Dove, ‘*that winds through the vale like a snake ?*’

Hofst. The same.

Angler. What a sylvan prospect is here ! I am transported with the desire of a nearer view.

Painter. Say you so ? then let us proceed towards it ; for I am no less impatient.

Hofst. Well, Sirs, now you are come down from the tower, I will bring you to the river, along a by-path.

Angler. Aye, here it is, by the side of that bench of stone underneath the chestnut trees : but have a care, brother, or you may stumble down.

Hofst. This way, so please you, Gentlemen ; by this unorderedly path under the ash trees ; but look to your heels ; for here are high rocks, and somewhat difficult.

Painter. So-ho ! Mr. Marth, I cannot hold pace with you.

Angler. Why what’s the matter, Brother ?

Painter. Not so fast ; I am like to tip over.

Hofst. Here, Sir, take my hand, and put your foot on this root ; so, you are safely down.

Angler. And here is the DOVE ! as limpid as the Heliconian springs !

Painter. Come, master, give over your ecstasies, or clothe your thoughts in some poetic lines.

Angler. Stay a while : for I see a little temple before us, fit for the shrine of the muses.

Hofst. It is the FISHING-HOUSE ; and I have brought the key, that you may go in and look about you.

Angler. Then I beseech you unlock at once ; for I have a passionate desire to put my foot into this retreat ‘ *dedicated to anglers !* ’ What do you think of this, brother ? ‘ *is it not prettily contrived ?* ’ mark the cipher carved in the front, on the keystone of the door, which represents the first letters of Mr. Walton’s and Mr. Cotton’s names, underneath those inviting words, PISCATORIBUS SACRUM, 1674.

Painter. Indeed a choice spot for a fishing-house !

Angler. Aye, you see ‘ *it stands in a kind of peninsula.* ’ And you may remember how Mr. Cotton promised VIATOR, he should see his fishing house ‘ *upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trouts and grayling in England.* ’

Mr. Walton's name and his twisted in cipher declare the near affinity of love between those happy anglers.

Painter. By and by I must make a draught of this, for the neat building, and this grove of trees, and the Dove, make it all a most engaging landskip.

Angler. And now we could only desire one thing more ;—to enjoy the company of those loving fishermen, and see them take their recreation, and hear them sing together some choice songs. But come, I am full of expectation for what we may find within.

Host. Gentlemen, the door is open !

Angler. This is marvellously contrived : what a delight for fishers ! all the wainscoting covered with landscapes, and cheerful anglers on the banks of the river, sitting in the shade of rocks, or casting their flies into the stream.

Painter. And fishes most delicately painted on the oak wainscoting.

Angler. Aye, spotted trouts, and graylings done to the life.

Host. And here are the portraits of Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton, on the pannels of the beaufet.

Angler. And indeed very handsome and becoming figures.

Hof. Nor could they be more resembling ; there is Mr. Walton in his ‘ fad coloured fuit,’ leaning againft a rock, who is now going to bait his hooks ; and Mr. Cotton has his fly rod in his hand, and a waiting boy behind with his landing net.

Angler. Is this the portrait of Mr. Walton, designed by the gentleman architect from Nottingham ?

Hof. The fame ; then Mr. Rolfton undertook to paint this of Mr. Cotton, to be a companion picture to him he loves fo dearly.

Painter. I declare I have never seen any thing to please me more. They are worthy of each other.

Angler. Dear brother ! I dare not ask you for what I now defire.

Painter. You may dare ask anything I can pleafure you in.

Angler. If you could make me a true copy of all we fee here, I fhould be the happieft man alive.

Painter. I fhall do it willingly.

Angler. It is kindly fpoke, and that I may entice you to the work, I will read to you that paffage in Mr. Cotton’s book, where he brought hither his happy companion.

Painter. Pr’ythee begin, and I’ll prepare the while.

Angler. Well then, you are to understand, Mr. Cotton and his guest being up and dressed early the next morning, after their journey from Derby, PISCATOR said to his boy, ‘*Take the key of my fishing-house and carry down these two angle rods in the hall window thither with my fish-pannier, pouch, and landing net, and stay you there till we come.*’ And then down they went cheerily together, and a delicate morning it was; and when they were arrived at the door, PISCATOR invited the other to walk in, and there sit and talk as long as he pleased. And VIATOR declared he was ‘*more pleased with this little house than any thing he ever saw: it stands in a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without, but, by your leave, I’ll try. Why, this is better and better, fine lights, fine wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle.*’

Painter. Here is the very table made out of fine black marble.

Host. Taken from our Derbyshire pits, and as you see, clearly polished, and all rounded at the corners.

Angler. And these chairs, carved in oak, with the handsome pavement in black and white, are

all of a piece with the other ornaments.

Painter. He was an exceeding skilful limner, and worthy of Mr. Cotton's friendship, that painted these prospects and figures; for the hills and rocks are to the very nature, and for the portraits, they are not inferior to any artist of this day; and it was a clear discerning taste imagined all those ornamental fittings.

Angler. And so thought his happy guest, VIATOR; but Mr. Cotton civilly interrupted his praises, and said, '*Enough, Sir, enough; I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself, and now you attack me there. Come, boy! set two chairs, and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of something else;*' and so these affable gentlemen agreed to converse together about fly-fishing in clear rivers: but first of all VIATOR said to Mr. Cotton, '*If you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while, for that is commonly my breakfast in a morning too:*' and then down they sat, and PISCATOR gave him some instructions in making of artificial flies, which I have read attentively, and I may declare them to be worthy of all remembrance and practice by every hopeful angler. And after that away they went to the river for their amuse-

ment, and to try the flies they had themselves twisted after nature.

Painter. And what then?

Angler. I think you need not be told that they had good sport of trouts; and the stranger proved himself to deserve the character Mr. Walton gave of him in his first part of the
COMPLETE ANGLER.

Painter. And pray what was that?

Angler. Why, Mr. Walton declared that he was so fuitable to his own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that his resolution was to hide nothing that he knew from him. And I have no doubt Mr. Cotton entertained the same opinion of him; and so they fished the stream till the servant came to tell them it was dinner time. And Mr. VIATOR was so allured with the sport, that the next morning he longed to be at the river again; and when he heard the wind sing in his chamber window, could forbear no longer, but leapt out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing himself as Mr. Cotton came in to call him up.— And now I will leave you to yourself; only, I beseech you, as far as your patience will allow you, represent all you see: yet I would not be unreasonable.

Painter. I am so in love with the place,

that I hope to satisfy you in every particular ; so do you go and catch me a brace or two of trouts.

Angler. That I'll do willingly, and when your work is finished, come to me and you shall try your luck too. And now, Mr. Marsh, you and I will walk forth and look at the river ; good bye, brother, and remember this is to be your masterpiece.

Painter. I'll do my best to give you pleasure : let me but find you with some trouts when I come.

Angler. Doubt me not ; farewell.— —

Host. Now, Sir, will you please go higher up the stream ?

Angler. With all my heart : but let me untie my angle and line, that I may be ready : and now what fly do you recommend ? here is a case, full of all sorts of my own making : but I remember, Mr. Cotton says, '*they who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do ;*' and as I have a certain sort of pride, and have no mind to be laughed at by that satirical gentleman in the fishing-house, I shall be glad to make a good choice ; and I dare say you know the likings and dislikings of the trouts in the Dove ?

Host. Well, Sir, I will not put on a false modesty in that matter ; and if you'll let me see

your case of flies, I may be able to find one or two will make some execution.

Angler. Here they are.

Host. Aye, indeed ! Are these of your own twisting ? They are very skilfully done : nay, Sir, Mr. Cotton himself could not tie them better, and I am bold to say you are no stranger to our Derbyshire streams ?

Angler. It is not my first season in the Dove by many : and I know something of the Wye and Derwent, and the clear Lathkill too.

Host. Then, Sir, if you can fish in the Lathkill, which is beyond all emulation the brightest water in Derbyshire, and perhaps in England, and breeds the reddest trouts, you must be well skilled in the art ; and so I might take you to be from these flies, which for a close imitation of the natural fly are quite masterly.

Angler. I see you would encourage me with a little praise : but pr'ythee which do you recommend : it is early in the season for a GREEN DRAKE, but here is the STONE FLY : or would you prefer the DUN CUT ?

Host. Sometimes I have known the GREEN DRAKE to appear before this, and you may depend he will be out in a few days, for I have examined the caddis and they are almost come

to maturity ; but you cannot have a better fly than this DUN CUT, and it is an excellent piece of workmanship.

Angler. I'll make the trial of it ; and now the wind is whistling, and the water curls merrily, so let us begin.

Host. There, Sir, was a rise.

Angler. Nay, he came short ; but there he is again. I have him ; so, so ; now, Mr. Marth, for the net : 'twas well landed, and a fine fish it is ; but I have seen some in better season—ah ! there is another ; methinks he's yet bigger : and now I come to look at him, he's better fed : and there's a third ! Well, this is a gamefome river.

Host. Indeed, Sir, you have a gentle wrift. I wish Mr. Cotton could see you ; he would not part with you for some days ; but would entertain you with so many pleasures, that you would be contented to remain at the Hall, and almost forget yourself to be a stranger.

Angler. Would he were here !

Host. Alas ! I would he were with all my heart.

Angler. I have the greatest desire possible to see a gentleman endowed with so many accomplishments, and of such a generous spirit. But let us move upwards.

Hof. Aye, Sir ; yonder, where the river makes a bend, 'tis a deep water, and still ; but it is ruffled by a good breeze of wind, and you'll find some large trouts lie there.

Angler. Wherever you recommend. What a green turfy walk is here ! I could almost envy Mr. Walton his angling with a float, to sit on such a bank, and recline himself under the shade of these trees : the grass is so well mowed, 'tis as soft under foot as velvet, and fit for a bowling ground.

Hof. Sometimes Mr. Cotton and his friends will have their pleasure here at bowls instead of yonder by the Tower.

Angler. Well, it must take the work of some labouring men to keep all this grass plot so smooth, for there is near two acres of it.

Hof. Yes, Sir, the gardeners have enough to do : and this brings to my mind a story of Mr. Cotton—but it is not worth your hearing.

Angler. I pray you let me have it whatever it is.

Hof. Well, Sir, I need not tell you my master is the farthest possible from an avaricious man, for his hand and purse are open to the poor ; and he will always have his servants well provided : but the cook is sometimes a pinch-crust, and then the servants will grumble.

Now it chanced one day, in the last summer, as Mr. Cotton walked down this way to fish, the mowers were cutting the grafs badly, and so he cried out to them, ‘How now, fellows ! what do you call this ? a grafs plot or a meadow land ? I pray you let me see it better done, and smoothly.’ Thereupon they looked at one another doubtingly, and whispered among themselves : at length one that was known to be something of a dry wit among them, after some little persuasive winks and nods of the others, came forward with his hat in his hand to be their spokesman. Then in a very humble tone, and with something of a facetious look, which always takes with Mr. Cotton, he said,

‘ Little meat, and half enough,

‘ Makes the scythe cut high and rough.’

So because Mr. Cotton has no austerity of behaviour towards the lowest and poorest man that speaks to him civilly, he enquired what his meaning was, and then the truth came out. ‘ Well, well, honest man,’ he replied, ‘ go to your work, and I’ll presently see to it.’ And so he walked home to the Hall, and there he made a rout at the cook, and ordered a servant to take down provisions enough, and plenty ; and in the afternoon he found his rascals hard

at work, bending lustily over their scythes. Then he goes and looks at them ; and then out steps the poet with his hat in his hand as before, and says to him,

‘ Now we’ve meat, and some to spare,
‘ It makes the scythe both wipe and pare,’

meaning the grass should be cut smooth and fine. So Mr. Cotton laughed at his rustical wit, and said ‘ go to—go to, thou art a wag ;’ and so he turned away, and took his recreation a-fishing, and I am sure he was more entertained than he chose to tell them.

Angler. They are happy servants to be under a master who is so accostable and sweet tempered. — But here comes the gentleman from the fishing-house.

Painter. So, brother, what sport ?

Angler. Excellent good. And how have you sped ?

Painter. Those paintings in the fishing-house have detained me longer than I thought ; but I have done them with all the correctness I am master of.

Angler. A thousand thanks to you. But look ye, a large fish has come to me : I have him fast ; now do you take the rod, and you shall have the praise to kill this trout within view of Mr. Cotton’s fishing-house.

Painter. It may be the ill luck to lose one ; for I shall but bungle at him.

Angler. Come, be persuaded, and quickly.

Painter. Well, then, I'll try a bout with him. Ah me ! what an unmannerly glutton it is.

Angler. Point your rod high—keep him with a steady hand ; so—it is well done.

Painter. Ah me ! how he struggles—there ! saw you that tumble he made ? Shall I jerk him out ?

Angler. Oh, by no means ; but have patience : give him his play, and a little more line—so—ho ! that's enough—hold up your rod—there, now wind him up with a discretion, and we shall bring him to land presently.

Painter. Where is the net ?

Angler. I have it ready ; fetch him round hither.

Painter. There was a tug he gave : I shall lose him—beseech you take the rod again.

Angler. Pardon me, you shall have your sport : worry him a bit : see how he lies on the water—this way, and now you have him, as you well deserve.

Painter. That was exceeding fine sport ; I never thought the pleasures of angling were so great. I'm quite hot and confused. He is a

handsome fish, spotted red all over. How many have you taken ?

Angler. Three trouts ; but this last you have so handled like a skilful 'prentice in the art is worth them all : it is a heavy fish, and see what fine condition he's in. You shall make another trial lower down the stream, where the water is in rapids. But before we go let me see your paintings.

Painter. There they are ; and I was never more in love with my employment, than when I sat in the fishing-house, and saw Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton looking upon me from the doors of the beaufet. I have endeavoured all I could, (but in vain) to delineate honest Izaak, who looks so meekly.

Angler. Nay ; it is an exact copy of yonder portrait : what can be more winning than to see his mute calmness, which only happy anglers know ! And Mr. Cotton, whose native disposition shines in that mirthful countenance, which can be no other than his own. What say you, mine host, to this limning ; hath my brother caught Mr. Cotton's look ?

Host. Aye, Sir, to the life :—indeed I confess myself surprised how this gentleman hath handled it. And so for Mr. Walton,—you may now declare yourself to be acquainted

with his person,—and garb, and gesture.

Painter. I hope you speak freely as you think, and then I am satisfied; and here is the external of the fishing-house, at a near view.

Angler. It is all exceeding good; the lights and shades of this inviting spot painted with a perceptible truth.

Painter. And here is one more which is the fishing-house within doors; and that, I must say, is the best of all.

Angler. I protest this is even beyond yourself. ‘Give me leave to embrace you.’ Why, Sir, it is a matchless piece of art. Look you, Mr. Marth, there we all are, as like as possible, talking in the fishing-house.

Hofst. I have never seen such a natural painting.

Painter. Come, come, Sirs;—you so enhance my poor deserts, you make me blush,—indeed you do.

Angler. I speak nothing more than the truth: the colours are admirable, and the whole is breathing with life—and there is the beaufet in small—and the rocks and river, and contented anglers sitting beside them:—every touch of Mr. Rolston glowing with an equal vivacity. I cannot thank you enough.

Painter. Well, brother, the pleasure you ex-

prefs is a full reward for all my pains. So, if you please let us return towards those rocks we passed in our way from the Prospect Tower.

Angler. Most willingly ; and there it was I had a purpose in my mind, to put you in the way to catch another trout.

Painter. But what have we yonder, opposite to this bend of the stream ? It seems a fantastical place.

Host. That, Sirs, is a green recess, built up by my master, where he will sometimes have his friends to dine in summer, and now and then give them a game of bowls for their entertainment in the cool of the evening. You may see the shelving sides are of soft mossy turf, and made to lean upon at your length. I have often been a witness to the innocent mirth of Mr. Cotton when he has entertained his guests underneath those trees ;—as Mr. Alexander Brome,* and Mr. Flatman, of the Inner Temple, in London, and others. And I remember, it is many years now past, (indeed it was that memorable joyful year of the king's return from

* Alexander Brome, a poet, born 1620, and died 1666, eminent for his loyalty. His congratulatory poem on the miraculous and glorious return of Charles 2nd, fol. was published 1660 ; and his songs and poems, 1664. 8vo.—ED.

his forced exile,) Mr. Walton sent my master word, that he and their mutual friend, Mr. Brome, chancing together to be in Stafford, had challenged one the other to walk on pilgrimage to Beresford, and make free with the trouts in his river Dove. Well do I remember the joy of my master, when he received the letter : alas ! methinks those happy days shall never return.

Painter. Nay, Mr. Marsh : it is the permitted liberty of an honest reason to '*hope all things ;*' fortune will sometimes flout the best of men, and lead them forcibly through all sorts of contrary meanders and labyrinths ; but she can never deject the spirits of brave christian men.* I beseech you entertain more cheerful

* Mr. Cotton's hopeful temper amidst his cares has been well expressed in these lines 'To my dear and most worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton.

' And some delight it is the while,
 ' Though nature now does weep in rain,
 ' To think that I have seen her smile,
 ' And haply may I do again.
 ' If the all-ruling Power please
 ' We live to see another May,
 ' We'll recompense an age of these
 ' Foul days in one fine fishing day.'

Poems on several Occasions.—ED.

thoughts : and did the introduction of Mr. Brome follow this self-invitation of the Stafford pilgrims ?

Hof. Aye, Sir : and Mr. Thomas Flatman chanced at the time to be a guest at the Hall, a most ingenious and alluring companion, who, as I have heard my master jocosely say, was the happy accepted lover of two mistresses.

Angler. And yet, methinks, in his younger days, he wrote a ballad against the peaceable joys of matrimony.

Painter. Mr. Cotton jested merrily with his friend, well knowing how at once he woo'd the sister arts of Poesy and Painting : * and, indeed, so evenly divided his affections between them, that it may be doubted to which he paid most successful courtship.

* Thomas Flatman. His poems were first published in 1674, 8vo. The ballad here alluded to will be found at p. 121. He afterwards took to him a wife, and was serenaded by his companions with his own contumelious song against marriage. His own portrait designed by himself, is prefixed to his Poems : and the following lines, in his ' Pindarique Ode, *The Review*, ' are a testimony to his practice of limning ;

' To extricate myself from Love,
' Which I could ill obey, but worse command,
' I took my Pensils in my hand ;

Hoft. Well, Sir, when the message came from Mr. Walton, my master and Mr. Flatman could scarce express the happy thoughts that possessed them ; only this I may say, every hour seemed to be an age till the arrival of their friends ; and the servants in the house participated in the busy expectation of their coming ; and Mr. Walton's lodging chamber, and one for Mr. Brome were prepared. Then at length these friends had the happiness to embrace each other ; and seeing it was in the heat of summer, Mr. Cotton brought them, after dinner, to this recess, and there entertained them with pipes, and fruits, and wine ; and because it was soon after the king's happy and glorious recovery of his throne, they sung some loyal songs, and drank the king's health in old Canary.

Angler. It was worthy of honest cavaliers ; and who is there would not gladly have joined in such a merry-making ?

' With that artillery for conquest strove :

' Like wife Pigmalion thus did I

' Myself design my Deity.

' If she did frown, one dash could make her smile,

' All bickerings one easy stroke could reconcile :

' Thus did I quiet many a froward day,

' While in my eyes my soul did play.'—ED.

- ' Oh how happy was their leifure,
- ' Oh how innocent their pleasure !
- ' Oh ye vallies, oh ye mountains,
- ' Oh ye groves and crystal fountains !
- ' How they loved to *vifit* ye,
- ' *And toast the king at liberty.*'

Think, what a happy concurrence of four poets !
Methinks I now fee them, feated round this
stone table, beneath the fhadowy fycamore-trees
and elms.

Painter. Four poets, fay you ? Thou haft
a creative fancy ; for Mr. Walton was but a
writer of profe ; notwithstanding, I am ready to
grant his images of rural life are as poetical as
any in our language, and his COMPLEAT AN-
GLER a continued pastoral, abounding in natural
refinement—nay, equal to thofe of Phineas
Fletcher* or Michael Drayton.†

Angler. Doubt not, Sir, that Mr. Walton
may claim his niche in the Temple of the Mufes :

* Author of the *Purple Island*, printed 1633, 4to.
and *Pifcatory Eclogues*, 1633, 4to.—ED.

† Michael Drayton was an admirable poet, and
amongft other numerous works, wrote the *Shepherd's*
Garland, *fashioned in 9 Eglogs*, which was printed in
1593, 4to. Alfo the POLY-ALBION, a chorographical
defcription of all the trafts, rivers, mountains, forefts,
and other parts of this renowned ifle of *Great Britain*,
1612, 1613, and 1622, all in folio.—ED.

and indeed, of all those who sung joyful quartettos that day within this recess, he had as clear a title as any to be crowned with the bays of Parnassus : for when you read, as I hope you will do, the ingenious poems of loyal Mr. Brome, you will find in the prefix of friendly encomiums bestowed upon it, a most joyous eclogue of Damon and Dorus, and writ by Mr. Walton that very day of the King's Majestie's restoration ; indeed, I cannot give it a higher testimony of praise than that it is worthy of his fertile pen ; and thus it begins ;

Damon.

' Hail happy day ! Dorus, sit down ;
 ' Now let no sigh, nor let no frown,
 ' Lodge near thy heart nor on thy brow :
 ' The King ! the King's return'd ! and now
 ' Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
 ' ' We have our laws, and have our King.'

Dorus.

' 'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh !
 ' These wars have sunk my heart so low,
 ' 'Twill not be raised.

Damon.

' What—not this day ?
 ' Why, 'tis *the twenty-ninth of May* :
 ' Let rebels' spirits sink ; let those
 ' That like the Goths and Vandals rose
 ' To ruin families, and bring
 ' Contempt on our Church and King,

- ‘ And all that’s dear to us,—be sad ;
‘ But be not thou ; let us be glad.
‘ Yea, let us dance, shake hands, and sing
‘ ‘ We have our laws : GOD SAVE THE KING.’*’

Iz. Walton.

Painter. I say Amen : and may we always
‘ *have our laws and have our King !*’ and now
let us walk higher up the stream, which may
vie with the poetic Castalia as the happy resort
of the Muses.

Host. Gentlemen, you will find the river very
pleasant below, and when you are across the
bridge by that rock, not many steps past the
fishing-house, you will suddenly find yourselves
in Derbyshire.

Angler. I am ready for any thing, where all
is so full of pleasure.

Host. And now that we are come to it, so
please you, I’ll take my leave, for I have busi-
ness at Hartington : and here is the wallet with
a store of provisions for dinner ; and so, Gen-
tlemen, my humble service to you ; I wish you
good luck a-fishing.

Angler. Farewell.—Now, Brother, let us
cross to the other side into Derbyshire, for so

* To my ingenious friend, Mr. Brome, on his various
and excellent poems : an humble eglog. Damon and
Dorus. Written the 29th May, 1660.—ED.

Mr. Cotton did with his friend VIATOR, and promised '*a good fish should fall to his share.*'

Painter. I pray you stay yet a moment within this prospect, for I am wholly possessed with some peaceful thoughts, that I would not drive away for any recreation you can promise me. There is a murmur of the waters over that ledge of rock, which keeps time with a musical measure, and invites us to linger on the margin. —Think how many thousand years the Dove has flowed along this rocky dale, and shall flow for ages yet to come. So God provides for the sustaining of His works ;—'*He sendeth the springs into the valleys—He watereth the hills from His chambers.*'* And as the River is to the natural world, so is the CHURCH to GOD's spiritual people on earth. In the first beginnings flowing from the fountain of the precious blood of His own eternal SON :—alas ! a little despised stream that burst forth from Calvary ; but destined by His mysterious will to flow through the world, gathering into herself and purifying all the tributary branches to swell her into an unknown dignity and grandeur.

Angler. And who can express the blessings she hath imparted to the nations by her admi-

* Psalm civ. 10.

nistration of holy sacraments, and united worship, according to the inspired oracles, moulding her children, after the pattern of their Saviour, in innocency and love. Think of the happy multitudes who have been washed in her sacramental element, as the appointed laver of regeneration ! Think how her ordinances and harmonious doctrines, her ministry and her creeds, founded by the holy apostles, have been the sufficient cure of all heart-aches and corroding cares, the refuge of all unquietness, and the very bond of unity to all Catholic Christians scattered over the world !

Painter. And as she hath proceeded onwards from the distant apostolic ages, bearing the image of Christ, so she will continue to be the mother of all, who are baptized into His death.

Angler. And notwithstanding profane seceders, turning to their own inventions, shall fall away, and vainly hope to stop her course, and sully the purity of her streams ; still the promise is sure, and she shall flow on with her unceasing tide, until at last she shall pour all her collected waters into the boundless ocean of eternity. — But come, let us pursue our quiet walks ; for I verily believe there is nothing in all this to forbid poor creatures of the earth taking their innocent enjoyment. : Indeed, all these visible

beauties of nature are but sweet expressions of the divine mind, that we should rejoice in Him who hath created them. But remember, when the wisest of men says, '*go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart,*'* he adds, '*it is the gift of God,*' whereof we shall one day give an account. And now I am ready to accompany you.

Painter. Come, then, for I have a great desire to make my large trout a brace, so let us to our angles.

Angler. Look you, Brother, here I have a second angle rod, that we may both fish in company; now say, whether it shall be a fly or a worm? You are at liberty to make a choice.

Painter. Not a doubt, but a worm and a quill for me.

Angler. Nay, nay, let me persuade you to be a fly-fisher; assure yourself it is a delicate sport, worthy of an ingenious artist as you are; and all anglers are agreed that it is the pleasantest and most skilful way to deceive trouts.

Painter. I will not lose time in arguments; but remit you to honest Izaak Walton, that is henceforth my master of angling.

* Eccl. ix. 7.

Angler. As you will : here is your tackling ; and now you are fitted ; so let us go over the bridge, that we may follow Mr. Cotton's footsteps ; for be sure he must know the likeliest holes in his own river. And he said to his companion, '*You shall now go downward to some streams between the rocks, below the little foot bridge you see there, and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under the rock.*' That is the very spot where you now stand.

Painter. He must be an unhandy clown, that should slip, for there is room enough, and to spare.

Angler. Well, this is the spot where he advised VIATOR to throw in ; to which the other replied : '*This is a fine stream indeed ! There is one—I have him.*'

'*And a precious catch you have of him,*' answered Mr. Cotton, '*pull him out ! I see you have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gentleman, even throw him in again and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.*'

'*Pardon me, Sir,*' (then said VIATOR) '*all's fish that comes to the hook with me now.*'

Painter. Bravely resolved ; and I declare I mean to follow this example, if I have permission to do so.

Angler. You shall do as you list. Only ‘*fish me this stream by inches,*’ after Mr. Cotton’s instructions.

Painter. With all my heart, and I am so much in love with his river and his instructions, that I scarce know which to think the best.

Angler. Well then, to make you love them both the more, you are to understand VIATOR caught another and another. After that PISCATOR invited him ‘*to go down the other side, lower, where you will find finer streams and better sport, I hope, than this ;*’ so let us do the same.

Painter. Wherever you please.

Angler. Now we are over the bridge and into the Peak of Derbyshire ; and here it was the ingenious fishers pleased themselves and each other with a discourse on angling : and thought their recreation was innocent, as being an encourager of cheerfulness, patience, and brotherly kindness. So do you begin ; but keep at your distance, lest the fishes see you, before you get a glimpse of them ; for you are to remember the Dove is one of the clearest rivers in all England. Now let your quill go with the stream by the bank yonder, for hereabouts it was PISCATOR assured him, there were very

good fish ; ‘ *both trout and grayling lie here ;
‘ and at that GREAT STONE on the other side,
‘ ’tis ten to one a good trout gives you the
‘ meeting.’*

Painter. Then I’ll offer him all the temptation I can. Ah ! saw you that, Mr. Angler, my quill went under the water ;—and there again !

Angler. I pray you be quiet :—now strike, but as Mr. Cotton says, ‘ *with moderation.*’

Painter. So, I have him tight.

Angler. Be gentle ; he is gone, as I feared.

Painter. ’Twas my hastiness ! I incautiously strained at him : but you shall find me manage the next with greater skill.

Angler. Trust me, you have your lesson to learn ; for angling is no less an art than a pleasure, and one that requires both patience and skill.

Painter. That I plainly see : but I have baited my hook again : and there is another pulling at my worm. Now, if I do not vex him, call me no fisherman : aye, aye, master, you may plunge and shift as you will ; but I hold you now.

Angler. Have a care, for he is a fine one.

Painter. Fear me not ; you shall see the manner of my handling : but there ! he has

thrown off into the middle of the stream ; how he dives and plucks about ! I hope he will not demolish my tackle.

Angler. Well, then, do not tear him about too much.

Painter. What a rage he is in ! so, so—he begins to sicken. Where’s the net ?—thank you—we have him. Now, Sirrah : where are you ? I declare he is as big as the other I caught up yonder. And now, brother, that I may not hinder you, leave me here alone, with my angle rod ; and I beseech you let me have that pleasant book, which Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton have printed together, with a love so communicable ; that while I recline on this bank, I may remember how they have often done the same thing : and it may be I will leave my angle rod for a time, ‘ to fish for itself,’ and make a landskip ; for look how pleasantly the Prospect Tower hangs over our heads : and I am sure that rock is a hundred feet high ; and is crowned with oak and ash trees, that grow in all the crevices.

Angler. There are many passages of rare beauty in all this glade ; and since you are so disposed, I will invite you to that rising ground, and there you shall design the fishing-house, and the Tower on the rock, so as I may have a

combination of those two with the bridge, and all the river and the craggy fides. It will be a choice prospect !

Painter. You are right, and it shall be done to the best of my abilities ; but I'll lay my angle in the river, near to that '*great stone*,' so that I may have my chance of a trout whilst I'm at work.

Angler. And because you leave your angle for my sake, I will read some passages out of Mr. Walton's COMPLETE ANGLER for your entertainment before I begin fishing. Here—is not this a favourable spot ?

Painter. Aye : come, let us sit on this grass, that smells so sweetly of wild flowers ; and do you make a choice out of Mr. Walton's book.

Angler. Well, then, you may remember, that on a time, in a cheerful morning in the month of May, VENATOR, a huntsman, walked out towards Hodsdon, (that is a country village not many miles from London,) where he had appointed a friend or two to meet him, that they might bestow a day on hunting the otter. Then, by the way, he fell into the company of a Gentleman Falconer, and as these were come together to Tottenham Crofs, in Hertfordshire, Mr. Walton overtook them : so, after his own civil manner he accosted the strangers, and asked of

their journey and occasions, saying, ‘ You are
‘ well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to
‘ you both. I have stretched my legs up Tot-
‘ tenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your
‘ business may occasion you towards Ware,
‘ whither I am going this fine fresh May morn-
‘ ing.’ Now, Mr. Walton possesses that be-
nignity of spirit, and such a winning method of
discourse, that you may easily believe ‘ he made
‘ the way seem shorter’ by his good company.

Painter. He should be a pattern of cheerful
gravity, or he has, I know not what, artifice
to make himself appear so, since his writings
betoken so many endowments of native gen-
tleness.

Angler. But that it is no artifice I may take
upon me to declare, and to say the truth, an
inbred sweetness and compliance are notable,
both in his look and words; inasmuch that
AUCEPS, the falconer, on his first acquaintance,
took the liberty to say: ‘ Methinks, Sir, we may
‘ promise good discourse from you that both
‘ look and speak so cheerfully.’

Painter. Then after those polite salutations
they were all inclinable to travel pleasantly to-
wards Ware?

Angler. And as they walked and conversed,
they praised their several recreations: and first,

Mr. AUCEPS, the falconer, exercised their attention concerning the element he used to trade in, which was the air ; and he would fain make it clear, that this was ‘ an element that exceeds both the earth and water ; and, though I sometimes deal in both,’ (this is what Mr. AUCEPS said) ‘ yet the air is most properly mine ; I and my hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation ; it stops not the soaring of my noble, generous falcon ; in it she ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to ; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations : in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods ; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled *Jove’s servant in ordinary* : and that very falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun’s heat, she flies so near it : but her mettle makes her careless of danger ; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon

‘ those high steeples and magnificent palaces
‘ which we adore and wonder at ; from which
‘ height I can make her to descend by a word
‘ from my mouth (which she both knows and
‘ obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to
‘ own me for her master, to go home with me,
‘ and be willing the next day to afford me the
‘ like recreation.’ Now, is not that a cheerful
description ? and, that I may not be thought
immoderate, I will omit many passages ; but I
beseech you listen to the praises that Mr. Fal-
coner makes of ‘ those little nimble musicians
‘ of the air, that warble forth their curious dit-
‘ ties, with which nature hath furnished them
‘ to the shame of art. As first the lark, when
‘ she means to rejoice ; to cheer herself and
‘ those that hear her ; she then quits the earth,
‘ and sings as she ascends higher into the air,
‘ and having ended her heavenly employment,
‘ grows then mute and sad, to think she must
‘ descend to the dull earth, which she would not
‘ touch, but for necessity.’

Painter. Aye ! ‘ grows then mute and sad
‘ to think she must descend to the dull earth !’
How natural that is ! Mr. Walton’s words are
more musical than the song of the lark—and
his strains higher than her aerial flight, for they
bring you nearer to thoughts of heaven.

Angler. Then he proceeds : ‘ How do the
‘ blackbird and throffle with their melodious
‘ voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring,
‘ and in their fixed mouths warble forth such
‘ ditties as no art or instrument can reach to !
‘ Nay, the smaller birds also do the like, in
‘ their particular seasons, as, namely, the leve-
‘ rock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the
‘ honest robin, that loves mankind both alive
‘ and dead.’

Painter. Beautiful ! ‘ the honest robin that
‘ loves mankind both alive and dead ;’ that has
an allusion to the ballad of the Babes in the
Wood, a sad and simple history that so mightily
touches the affections of children.

‘ These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the towne.

‘ Their prettye lippes with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them downe and cryed.

‘ Thus wandered these two little babes
Till death did end their grief,
In one another’s arms they dyed
As babes wanting reliefe.

‘ No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,

Till Robin red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.*

Stop, dear brother ; for I would not have you to mar those passages you have now cited out of Mr. Walton by some that are worse.

Angler. Listen to one more, and I have done.
' But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth !'

Painter. I now remember that description : it is beyond my praise ;—it is all music together, and I declare to you, I know not which I am most in love with—the song of the nightingale,

* The original of this ballad is to be found in '*A handfull of Pleasant Delites*,' containyng fundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in divers kinds of meters, newly devised to the newest tunes. At London, 1584. Printed by Richard Jhones, dwelling at the sign of the Rose and Crown, near Holbourne Bridge.—ED.

or the meek penman who hath set that song to such music.

Angler. I told you the writings of Mr. Walton have a power to unlock the affections ; and I am so bold as to assure you, that many men I could name, who mocked at fishers and fishing, before they had perused the COMPLETE ANGLER, have been moved to practise his art by the persuasive arguments they have found in it.

Painter. That I can believe, and for my part I am almost brought to wish myself a Falconer by these testimonies which AUCERPS hath adduced to the praise of his ‘ noble, generous ‘ hawks, and those little nimble musicians of ‘ the air.’

Angler. Stay a while, till I bring before you what the merry huntsman had to say for his recreation ; and after that the commendations Mr. Walton bestows on the greater excellency of his own happy art of angling. But now I perceive you have made an outline of this landscape, so let us go down to the lower streams of the river, where I have something better to show you.

Painter. I am not willing to doubt any thing you say : but what can you find more full of beauty than these landscapes hereabouts ?

Angler. Of that I shall give you leave to judge when I have brought you to a spot will enchant you ; and there you may be sure to catch a good fish.

Painter. Well then, let us be doing ; and now I think it is time to repair to my angle, that I left in the water to fish for itself.

Angler. There it is, and so take it up.

Painter. How now !—my worm and hook both gone !—Look you !—and it may be I have lost a good trout, whilst I was charmed with those song-birds, that sung so sweetly out of Mr. Walton's aviary.

Angler. Never mind,—you shall presently 'try a fall' with another ; and pray take notice, that trout was not lost, for quiet Mr. Walton says, 'no man can lose what he never had.' Ah ! ha ! saw you that fish ?—he rose just above yonder great stone on the other side. If I have any luck, I shall land him presently.

Painter. You have cast your fly in the very spot ; and there !—look — — there he is again.

Angler. I have him fast.

Painter. See—what a summerfault he made !

Angler. He should be a trout from his nimbleness, and a plumper too.

Painter. I beseech you handle him like an artist—here is the net and all ready—haul him in.

Angler. Not so fast—not so fast, brother—let him have his time.

Painter. There again ! saw you that leap he gave ? By my word you have the right knack.

Angler. Now you observe he has a running line—and now I may bring him up again—so, so—he has done his worst—now fetch the net ; but if you love me, manage him with a prudent hand ; so, you performed it handsomely ; and a fine fish he is : come, let us go down to PIKE POOL. I know not how it may fare with you ; —but methinks it should be near to dinner-time.

Painter. In plain truth I am well disposed to play my part at that.

Angler. Away then by this bank, where the stream becomes broader. See how it hurries by that bed of rock with a loud murmuring.

Painter. How now ! there is a rock in the river like a church steeple, and forty feet high !

Angler. That is the PIKE POOL you have heard of.

Painter. Say you so ? what a spot of solitude is here !

Angler. Now tell me is not this a charming nook for a recluse angler ? But here we must make our passage once more into Staffordshire,

by these cobble stones, that we may come to the margin of the Pool ; for you see we are stopped on this side by the rocks.

Painter. I am willing to follow you.

Angler. Look well to your footing, and give me the wallet ; for I fear you will let that drop into the water, and now your hand—so—

Painter. We are well over ; and of all places I have seen, this is surpassing in beauty. Surely it is a rocky dell, that is worthy of a poet's praise : now if Petrarch had sung of his Laura by these rocks, they would be thought as fine as Vacluse ; and this stream as bright and nimble as the Sorga itself, which I was once happy enough to visit as I passed by Avignon towards Italy : and was permitted the leisure to sketch some imperfect limnings of the strangely shaped and rugged rocks, from which the mysterious fount of the river gushes into daylight. It is true I may not boast to have caught my brace of trouts in its limpid streams ; but I tasted some skilfully drest by the civil hostess of the village inn that is called after the name of the Poet. Oh Sir, if you had there been the companion of my prolonged wanderings, with what delight should we have perused together those unimitable poems of Petrarch ! And do you recollect how he says,

‘ L’acqua parlan d’amore, e l’aura e i rami
‘ E gli augeletti, e i pesci, e i fiori, e l’erba,
‘ Tutti insieme pregando ch’io sempr’ami.’

Angler. I remember the lines. And be it known to you, Petrarcha was himself a brother of the angle.

Painter. Nay, Sir, your authority for this ? I grant you, the impassioned poet might grave the name of his Laura on the hard rocks, or picture to his imagination her beautiful image reflected in the deep clear caverns of the river ;

‘ Or in forma di Ninfa or d’altra Diva
‘ Che dal più chiaro fondo di Sorga esca
‘ E pongasi a sedere in su la riva :’

but I cannot be persuaded to believe that so hopeless a lover could be a happy angler. He that was the most learned of his age, and Poet Laureat crowned with the triple garland at Rome, an angler !

Angler. Happy or unhappy—learned or unlearned—I may tell you he was a fisher ;—and be these lines my witness, which you may find in his latin works ;

‘ Retia nunc sunt arma mihi, et labyrinthius error
‘ Vimineâ contextus acu ; qui pervius undis
‘ Piscibus est carcer, nullâ remeabilis arte :
‘ Pro gladiis curvos hamos, fallacibus escis
‘ Implicitos, tremulasque fudes, parvumque tridentem

' PISCATOR modò factus ego, quò terga natantum
 ' Sistere jam didici, duroque affigere saxo.
 ' Primitias en flumineæ transmittimus artis
 ' Et versus quot Clausa domos habet arctaque Vallis,
 ' Quæ tibi pisciculos et rustica carmina pascit.*

Painter. Marry, Sir, after those harmonious verses that you have so fixedly treasured up in your memory it is undeniable you may have the honour to claim Petrarcha for one of your fraternity.

Angler. And what was more natural than he should seek an inward consolation for his diseased thoughts in so quiet and sweet a recreation; and on the banks of his loved river indulge his thoughts with those 'Visions' of the departed Laura, which Master Edmund Spenser† hath rendered from the Italian into harmonious English verse :

' Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
 ' A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
 ' Whereto approached not in anie wise
 ' The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne ;
 ' But many Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
 ' That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce

* Lib. III. Epist. 3.

† The Visions of Petrarch, '*formerly translated*' by Edmund Spenser, at the age of 14 : originally printed in a book of some rarity, 'The Theatre of JOHN VAN-
 ' DER NOODT.' 8° 1569.—ED.

‘ To the soft sounding of the waters fall ;
‘ That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce.
‘ But while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
‘ I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
‘ The spring, the place, and all cleane out of fight ;
‘ Which yet aggrieves my hart even to this houre,
 ‘ And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
 ‘ To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.’

But now look around, and tell me, you that have seen famed VAUCLUSE, if this dell be not more woody and umbrageous than the banks of the Sorga ; and look at the doublings and wrenches of the stream, which make it the most singular place that can be imagined for natural beauties ; and let me tell you, they have been designed by Mr. Isaac Walton, junior, the son of our master of angling.

Painter. How ! has Mr. Walton a son, and a limner too ?

Angler. You may take Mr. Cotton’s word for that.

Painter. Then I shall be inclined to love him for more reasons than one.

Angler. Well, then, you must know, PRISCATOR and VIATOR having fished the ‘ stream ‘ by inches,’ came lower down, and then suddenly VIATOR exclaimed, ‘ *But what have we got here ? a rock springing up in the middle of the river ! This is one of the oddest fights*

'that ever I saw.' To this PISCATOR replied,
*'Why, Sir, from that Pike that you see stand-
ing up there, distant from the rock,—that is
called Pike Pool, and young Mr. Isaac Walton
was so pleased with it, as to draw it in land-
skip, in black and white, in a blank book I have
at home, as he has done several prospects of my
house also, which I keep for a memorial of his
favour.'*

Painter. A book full of landskips did you say! in black and white, and all done by the hand of Mr. Izaak Walton, junior? that were indeed a treasure to possess! But come;—let us repose ourselves along these shady banks that Mr. Walton, and his son, and Mr. Cotton all loved, and that deserve to be loved by every honest angler. See these wild flowers, which spring around, and make a soft cushion for us; here is the wild thyme, the Nottingham catch-fly, and coltsfoot, and violets — —

Angler. And what is no less germane to the present argument,—a handsome repast!—So let us fall to't.—Here is an excellent cake, and some hang'd martinmas beef; with a measure or two of mine Host's good ale. Are you prepared?

Painter. I may warrant you, and no wise dainty after our long walk.

Angler. O that we could now possess our dear accomplish'd Civilian, that hath more learning than both you and I together !

Painter. Aye ; if he were here reclining with us by the side of PIKE POOL, our entertainment would be complete : and let us not despair to inveigle him hither next month of May.

Angler. Well, I have known stranger things come to pass ; and now, if you please, we'll drink his health in a loving cup of barley wine.

Painter. A worthy toast ! fill to the brim !

Angler. To the brim.

Both. Here is a health to our polite Mr.

J. O. A.

Angler. A true lover of honest Izaak ; and to hear him descant on the gentle craft, you might declare him to be a practised disciple.

Painter. Then what say you to his books of emblems and engraved pictures of angling ? and do not forget that ebony cabinet in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, furnished with all ancient treatises of your art, and other merry sports and pastimes of England.

Angler. Aye ; and I love him the more for his love of my masters : and though he hath never wetted a line, nor soiled his hose in pursuit of the finny tribes, yet in imagination

he hath done both one and the other : and is no less versed in the philosophy of angling than learned in Lord Coke's Institutes, and the Law of Nations.

Angler. I wish him all health ; and may he ever possess Sir Christopher Hatton's moderate desires, and be able to sing,

' I weigh not fortune's frowne nor smile,
' I joye not much in worldly joyes ;
' I seek not state, I reake not style,
' I am not fond of fancie's toyes !
' I rest so pleased with what I have,
' I wish no more,—no more I crave.'

Painter. So say I. And now remember your promise, and give me the huntsman's arguments in praise of his pastime of hunting, when he was in the company of Mr. Walton and the Falconer, all the while they walked to Hodsdon.

Angler. Most willingly ; and you are to know, when Mr. Falconer broke off his discourse, and entreated VENATOR to say his best in praise of the chase, that honest candid huntsman began with a commendation of the earth, being that element upon which he drives his ' pleasant ' wholesome hungry trade ;' and then declared, that ' hunting is a game for princes and noble ' persons ; it hath been highly prized in all

'ages ; it was one of the qualifications that
'Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he
'was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains
'up the younger nobility to the use of manly
'exercifes in their riper age. What more manly
'exercife than hunting the wild boar, the stag,
'the buck, the fox, or the hare ? How doth
'it preserve health, and increafe strength and
'activity ?'

Painter. Well faid, Mr. Huntsman ; pr'ythee proceed.

Angler. ' And for the dogs that we use, who
'can commend their excellency to that height
'which they deserve ? How perfect is the
'hound at smelling, who never leaves or for-
'sakes his first scent, but follows it through so
'many changes and varieties of other scents,
'even over and in the water, and into the
'earth ! What music doth a pack of dogs then
'make to any man, whose heart and ears are so
'happy as to be fet to the tune of such instru-
'ments ! How will a right greyhound fix his
'eye on the best buck in the herd, single him
'out, and follow him, and him only, through a
'whole herd of rascal game, and still know, and
'then kill him ! For my hounds, I know the
'language of them, and they know the language
'and meaning of one another as perfectly as we

‘ know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.’

Painter. Aye, I warrant you, PISCATOR had need of all his eloquence to overcome these winning arguments in favour of the noble sport of hunting. And what more did VENATOR say ?

Angler. At length he gently excused himself from enlarging his discourse, and said, ‘ I will not be so uncivil to Mr. PISCATOR, as not to allow him time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art, but doubtless it is an easy one ; and, Mr. AUCEPS, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it ; but I hope it will not be a long one.’

Painter. And how did PISCATOR reply to this pleasant jesting ?

Angler. He received it as a well-bred angler would do, and thus replied : ‘ Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you.’ Do you observe how enured Mr. Walton is to meekness and patience ? And you shall see, by-and-by, that he was able to bring forward a store of arguments and examples to prove the greater excellence of his art of angling. — — But first, I am for another cup of ale. And here’s a health to Mr. Walton and his son, and Mr. Cotton, his adopted son, that have often sat where we now

fit, and I have no doubt with hearts as thankful as I hope ours to be.

Painter. I drink to all three.

Angler. And here's a good wish for a south wind, that Mr. Thomas Barker says, 'blows 'the fly in the trout's mouth,'* and good sport to all anglers.

Painter. To such of them as be honest men.

Angler. Let me tell you, all true brothers of the angle are honest men.

Painter. Agreed, agreed.—So here's a south wind to all anglers. And now, whilst you entertain me with PISCATOR's discourse, so suitable to this occasion, I will design that rock and the

* And so thought Mr. Charles Cotton; as witness these lines:

*'To my dear and most worthy friend, Mr. Izaak
Walton.*

'A day without too bright a beam,

'A warm, but not a scorching sun,

'A southern gale to curl the stream,

'And, master, half our work is done.

'There, whilst behind some bush we wait,

'The scaly people to betray,

'We'll prove it just with treach'rous bait

'To make the preying trout our prey.'

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS, p. 115—ED.

pool, and these umbrageous trees, which give us their shelter from the sun.

Angler. I thank you, and shall esteem it as highly as the land skips of Mr. Walton junior, that lately returned from his travels to Rome, in company with his kinsman, pious Mr. Thomas Ken, Fellow of St. Mary Winton College, in Winchester.

Painter. How ! did you say with Mr. Ken ? he that is chaplain to Dr. Morley, the self-denying Bishop of Winton, who maintains the primitive doctrine and discipline, and has restored the daily service in his Churches ?

Angler. The same ;—and follows the Bishop's example of an ascetic life even in the midst of this luxurious age : and has lately writ '*A Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the use of the Schollars of Winchester School*,'* where he himself was trained to learning and good manners.

Painter. Indeed ! a book that most lovingly persuades young christians to dedicate their tender age to the service of God.

Angler. And I can never forget a discourse I once heard him preach to the poor in St. John's Church, in the Soke near Winchester, wherein

* The first edition was printed, 1674, for J. Martyn.

he exhorted them to the duties and privileges of holiness,—and with such a sweet and melting eloquence—that when he told them of Christ's whole life of suffering for their sakes, he drew tears from many eyes.

Painter. But how did it come to pass that he should travel with Mr. Walton junior ?

Angler. Because of his affection for old Isaak, who had been his early counsellor and guide, when he was left an orphan : for Mr. Walton had married his sister, Mistress Ann Ken, ' a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the ' primitive piety : ' but she is now at rest, and ' lyeth buried, so much as could dye, ' in the blessed Virgin Mary's Chapel in the Cathedral in Worcester.

Painter. Well : he could not make a more grateful return for the father's love, than to take upon him the part of Mentor to the son in his foreign travels : but come, I remember me how the Host said, Mr. Walton had good luck in this pool, and I desire to follow his example, and wheedle a big trout for our supper.

Angler. And so you shall ; and because you have lost your hook, I'll show you how to fix another.

Painter. Grazie, *Pescatore mio.*

Angler. Let me find a hook with two horse

hairs twisted together : here it is, and you may see a loop at the end. Now mark, put the loop of the fish-line through this loop of the hook, and then bring the hook through the loop in the fish-line, and draw them tight together—so—and here is a fresh brandling, and now you are fitted.

Painter. O' my word, 'tis neatly done ; so, I have laid my rod. Come, Sir, begin : How pleasant this is !

Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake
Fish we take,
There we sit
For a bit
Till we fish entangle.
None do here
Use to swear ;
Oaths do fray,
Fish away.
We sit still
And watch our quill,
Fishers must not wrangle.

But let us have the angler's grave,—watery arguments : I am inquisitive to hear what he will make against the Hunter.

Angler. Not so grave, I promise you ; but full of empaffioned eloquence and no less ingenuity. Thus then he began, ' Gentlemen, let

‘ not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my
‘ discourse is like to prove suitable to my recrea-
‘ tion, calm and quiet ; we seldom take the
‘ name of God into our mouths, but it is either
‘ to praise him or pray to him ; if others use it
‘ vainly in the midst of their recreations, so
‘ vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell
‘ you it is neither our fault nor our custom ;
‘ we protest against it. But, pray remember,
‘ I accuse nobody ; for as I would not make a
‘ watery discourse, so I would not put too much
‘ vinegar into it ; nor would I raise the reputa-
‘ tion of my own art, by the diminution or ruin
‘ of another’s. And so much for the prologue
‘ to what I mean to say.’ After that, with ar-
guments excellently contrived, he praised his
own loved element and occupation, and used
every allowable artifice to show how they are
more excellent than all others. I could now
open to you many passages of his discourse, that
have all the natural fragrancy of wild flowers
scattered with a careless hand ; and whilst he
sets forth the beauty of the works of God, you
may be lifted to praise the Maker of them for
that most wonderful attribute— His love to man.
Indeed, he applied himself with so great a zeal
to the commendation of angling, and heightened
his discourse by so many harmonious digressions

and testimonies to the pleasure and high esteem thereof, that, when they arrived at Theobald's Park, whither the Falconer was proceeding to a friend's house, who mewed a hawk for him, he declared to PISCATOR, 'I now part with you ' full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but ' of your recreation.' And yet, let me tell you, he did but a short time before profess to pity anglers, 'because of their heavy contemptible ' dull recreation.'

Painter. And after the Falconer was gone, did VENATOR express any civil disposition towards anglers?

Angler. Aye; for you have seen how his purpose was to hunt the Otter at Hodfden, that was three miles further; and so he continued his walk with Mr. Walton, who all the while pursued his discourse of fishes and fishing.

Painter. Indeed! then his discourse was three miles long! All the while, say you, till they came to Hodfden?

Angler. And not only so; but without any averfeness in Mr. VENATOR.

Painter. Then, I cannot but consider him the meekest and most polite man in the world, to listen with a cheerful willingness to so long a commendation of an art that he had 'heard ' many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at.'

Angler. Be not so confident; stay a little, and I shall make you confess that Mr. Walton adorned his arguments with such a matchless commixture of learning and eloquence, as made his praise of angling like sweet music even to the huntsman's ear; for when they were left together, after the Falconer was gone to his friend's house, Mr. Walton invited his companion to enlarge his discourse on hunting, and promised he should 'neither want time nor his attention to hear it.' But this the other gently declined, because he was kindled with a desire to hear how Mr. Walton could persuade him that angling was 'of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to;' the which if he could do, he promised to 'attend him a day or two a-fishing, and become his scholar.' Whereupon Mr. Walton was charmed with the hope of the Huntsman's conversion; and he did, by obvious arguments, possess his mind with the same high and happy thoughts as himself had the enjoyment of; for he convinced him how it was an excellent and a pleasant art 'to deceive a trout, that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk,' and how 'the man that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and

‘patience, and a love and a propensity to the art itself.’

Painter. And thus Mr. Walton, by an alluring suavity, persuaded the Huntsman that angling was near a-kin to wisdom, ‘*all her ways pleasantness, and her paths peace!*’ *

Angler. Doubtless,—and I would have you understand that Mr. Walton, who is a known lover of truth, here declares that he has discovered, by a practical acquaintance with his art, ‘the very fitting by the river’s side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it; and settle his mind in a quiet repose, and there make him fit for revelation.’ Then, after many more examples to the lawfulness and high esteem of angling, he declares, that ‘whosoever shall view the ancient ecclesiastical canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find angling allowed, as being a harmless recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.’

Painter. This methinks is suitable; for so pious ministers may forth into the meadows, and there sit and angle in a retirement, and

* Prov. iii. 17.

unbend their minds from too close study ; and, moreover give glory to God, when they see the rocks and waters that He hath formed, and the whole earth spangled with flowers or other ornaments, for the service and delight of mankind.

Angler. And I believe that every hour of innocent freedom from the cold-hearted humours of the world, and every secret instinct of reverence and affection towards God is a step forward in our path to the unseen glories of His presence. ‘ And it is only while we are ‘ still that we are like a tranquil water reflecting ‘ Heaven.’—Thus, VENATOR became more and more charmed into an attention, until Mr. Walton brought him to the persuasion that angling was ‘ an employment full of various ‘ pleasures and events ;’ and after that declared, how ‘ learned William Perkins, Dr. Whitaker, ‘ and Dr. Nowel, sometime Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in London, so ‘ noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, were dear lovers and constant practisers of angling.’

Painter. I dare not deny the commendations Mr. Walton bestows on fishing, if peaceful Dr. Nowel gave his authority to the enjoyment of it ; for he was a most excellent example of

ancient simplicity and holiness; and who can tell the deep searchings of his spirit into the truths revealed in the sacred scripture! as witness his Church Catechism, and the part he took in drawing up the Articles of our Faith, which shall be the guiding star of happy England amidst the rocks, and shelves, and quicksands, and cloudy storms of ages yet to come.

Angler. Alas! I have a sad forecasting of times, when the Church (and through her side the Commonwealth of England) shall be again assailed by wearisome censurers, the declared enemies of her polity and ministrations,—and yet more of her endowments.

Painter. Be not vexed with these unquiet thoughts: God hath His flock in His own keeping: unless through some decay of piety in our Bishops and Ministers of religion, by their neglecting of the sacraments, the daily church services, the Fasts and Festivals, and primitive rules of discipline, He should again be angered against the shepherds, and let the wolves into the fold.

Angler. Alas! for that day, if ever they should disparage and slur those ministrations, which are their divine commission to the end of time, and their bulwark!—for then would the love and reverence of men be again changed

into an averfeneſs, and ill-speakers of church-government provoke diſunion, ſo as the very vail of the temple ſhould be rent in twain.

—But to return to the example of pious Dean Nowel, I may tell you, this moſt wiſe man was ‘ a dear lover and conſtant practiſer
‘ of angling as any age can produce ; and his
‘ cuſtom was to ſpend, beſides his fixed hours
‘ of prayer, a tenth part of his time in angling,
‘ and alſo of his revenue, and uſually all his
‘ fiſh, amongſt the poor, that inhabited near to
‘ thoſe rivers in which it was caught, ſaying
‘ often, “that charity gave life to religion ;”
‘ and at his return to his houſe he would praife
‘ God, he had ſpent that day free from worldly
‘ trouble ; both harmleſſly and in a recreation
‘ that became a churchman.’ And more I have
to ſay ; for you will not deny to Sir Henry Wotton your partial opinion and praife.

Painter. That I will not, becauſe I know he was a man of notable qualities ; and one that was a lover of excellent artificers in limning and ſculpture, and willingly afforded his ear and his purſe to every poor man that was ſo happy as to gain acceſs to him.

Angler. Then I have but this more to ſay, namely, how Mr. Walton declares, that ‘ Sir
‘ Henry Wotton, whoſe experience, learning,

‘ wit, and cheerfulness, made him one of the
‘ delights of mankind, was also a dear lover and
‘ frequent practiser of the art of angling, of
‘ which he would say, “ ’Twas an employment
“ for his idle time, which was not then idly
“ spent: for angling was, after a tedious study,
“ a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits,
“ a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet
“ thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer
“ of contentedness.” ’

Painter. Sir, you could not more certainly move me to favourable thoughts of angling, than by persuading me to believe that Sir Henry Wotton had a love for this pastime.

Angler. I am glad to hear you say so; and now, after this long digression, I intend only to tell you, that those irresistible arguments wherewith Mr. Walton adorned his discourse, brought the Huntsman and himself to Hodsdon, that was the end of their journey. And then Mr. Walton said, ‘ I am glad your patience hath held
‘ out so long, for my discourse hath brought
‘ us within sight of the Thatched House.’

To this the other replied: ‘ Sir, you have
‘ angled me on with much pleasure to the
‘ Thatched House, and I now find your words
‘ true; that good company makes the way seem
‘ short; for, trust me, Sir, I thought we had

‘wanted three miles of this house, till you showed it to me. But now we are at it, we’ll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink and a little rest.’

‘Most gladly, Sir,’ replied PISCATOR, ‘and we’ll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters that we are to meet to-morrow.’ Then VENATOR answered him, ‘That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of angling too; of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for by the help of your discourse and company I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of angling and of all that profess it: and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends on hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait on you, and we two will for that time do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.’ Then PISCATOR cheerfully took him at his word, and said: ‘’Tis a match, Sir; I’ll not fail you, (God willing,) to be at Amwell Hill to-morrow morning before sun rising.’

Painter. A more sweet and loving discourse I have not heard. I declare to you I am moved by a sensible charm to listen to these ingenuous strangers, as they enliven each other by an accidental dialogue on angling.

Angler. And who would not desire that he might spend a fine fresh morning once a year at least in Mr. Walton's company, and hear him allege his plausible arguments to teach men to be peaceful anglers? And if I might persuade you to read all he says in praise of his art, you would find such a harmony and so many suitable colours in the composition of his book, that you might declare it to be a picture designed with all the graces of Titian, and the sweetness of Correggio.

Painter. Well, brother, this I will declare, that I am like the gentleman Falconer, and begin to love both Mr. Walton and his art; nay, I have listened with a secret pleasure to his conversation, and hope to hear what entertainment his friend the huntsman provided for him, when they two met at Amwell to hunt the Otter.

Angler. That you shall hear by and by, but first let me see your sketch of *Pike Pool*.

Painter. There it is, and the best I can make it.

Angler. It is indeed a skilful picture: all of a just and natural proportion: and now, because you have had so much civility and patience, I will make you some requital, and go a-fishing with you for an hour; but look, you have a

nibble ; for your quill is out of sight.

Painter. And so it is ! now I hope to find a good trout to my hook—how shall I play with him ?

Angler. Take up your rod, and try if it be a little one or a big one.

Painter. It is but ‘ a diminutive gentleman.’

Angler. Then throw him in again, and put on another worm :—there, you have a second !

Painter. Now ! I warrant this is a mettlesome fish.

Angler. Then answer him conformably.

Painter. Ah !—I am but an *ignoramus*, with all my pride ; nevertheless I hope I shall not lose him, for he will be worth his weight in gold, only because I took him in this very spot ; and if I catch him, I’ll draw his likeness in colours at my leisure.—He goes away at a dash—I fear my tackling will not hold out.

Angler. I am a hostage for the line, if you will practice him pliantly—but do not jerk him.

Painter. I beseech you take the rod and show me.

Angler. Well then—you must cherish him a bit—thus—and now straighten him by degrees drawing in your line.

Painter. See how he doubles back.

Angler. Ay : but I have him in hand—so—

now do you take the rod again, and puzzle him, and give me the net—it is well done—this way with him—I have the Hector, and I declare to you it is the largest fish we have taken to-day.

Painter. Oh, brother, I am quite in love with this pastime of angling—it is the pleasantest thing in the world—and I profess myself from henceforth a willing disciple of Mr. Walton.

Angler. Indeed ! I am charmed to hear you make this honest declaration ; and I may tell you, for your encouragement, that you are like to prove a handy craftsman, so let us go lower down to the fresh streams.

Painter. I have almost had enough : and I cannot hope to be pleased with any place after this woody dell. I have never seen the like for a retirement.

Angler. Well, as you please : but what is yonder above our heads, which is overshadowed by the ash trees ? methinks it looks like a hole in the rock.

Painter. I believe it is, and if you are so inclined, let us scramble up and look into it : perchance we shall make a discovery.

Angler. With all my heart ; lead on : but have a care, for it is a scraggy place, and you

may hap to come down again heels over head.

Painter. Look to yourself; a Carolus to a groat that I'm there first.

Angler. Say you so? then pr'ythee let your footing keep pace with your words, for I am after you.

Painter. Heigho!—stop there,—I have slipped up; beseech you—give me a hand.

Angler. Ha, ha! Signor, whose somersault was that? try again:—but see, I am up first,—and what a concealed cavern is here, 'covered 'over with rude grown briers,'* and big enough for a man to stand upright in, if he desired a shelter.†

* Titus Andron. A&T. 2. Sc. 4.

† Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Cotton, states that 'a natural excavation in the rocky Hill on which Beresford Hall stands, is shewn as Mr. Cotton's occasional refuge from his creditors:' and to this Cotton himself probably alludes in the following lines of his Ode to Retirement.

' O my beloved Caves! from Dog-star heats,
' And hotter persecution's safe retreats,
' What safety, privacy, what true delight
 ' In the artificial night
 ' Your gloomy entrails make,
 * Have I taken, do I take!
' How oft, when grief has made me fly
' To hide me from society,

Painter. Ay, and we have seen the times that such a cave had been worth a king's crown, when he that was near to losing one, was compelled to hide himself from his pursuers.

Angler. Let us pray God that the nation may rest from her troubles ;—that we may fit ‘ *every man under his vine and under his fig-tree ;*’ and angle when he will, in peace beneath the shade of fycamine trees, free from all contentions and jars.

Painter. This, I hope, may be our happy lot ; and now we have six braces and a half of trouts ; so if you please, let us back to Alston-fields ; for we have two miles to walk, and the sun is going down.

Angler. I am quite willing to be at home, for I begin to tire ; here is the way.

Painter. So—we are come again to the steep hill by Narrow Dale : I wish we were past it.

Angler. There are some houses ;—and a woman standing at her cottage-door—shall we follow the example of good Dean Nowel, and

‘ Even of my dearest friends have I
 ‘ In your recesses’ friendly shade
 ‘ All my sorrows open laid,
 ‘ And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy.’
 Occasional Poems, p. 138.—Ed.

make her happy with the contribution of some of our fishes?

Painter. I had the same thought.

Angler. Here, good woman; will it please you accept this couple of trouts, and I dare believe you'll know how to cook them.

Cottager. I humbly thank you, gentlemen, and it is not the first time I have dressed trouts: for noble Mr. Cotton bestows a great part of his fish upon us. He hath a charitable heart towards his poor neighbours: and for gentlemen anglers, he loves to see them take their sport in his river.

Angler. That I am sure of—we wish you a good evening.

Cottager. Your servant, kind gentlefolk; and I thank you too.

Angler. So—we are arrived once more at the King's Head, and there is mine host at his door looking about for us. Well, Mr. Marsh!

Host. Sirs, you are welcome; and I hope you have found good sport in our river Dove.

Angler. Exceeding good; see,—here are some brace of trouts for supper: and now we'll rest ourselves on this bench till they be ready.

Host. I'll bring them in a trice, for '*the kettle is set upon a quick fire of wood, and the liquor's boiling up.*'

Angler. That's well! and, Host, '*whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce.*'

Host. It shall be done, Sir! and '*I'll strew it plentifully with shaved horseradish and a little pounded ginger.*'

Angler. He remembers every word how Mr. Cotton taught VIATOR to dress a trout or grayling, which questionless is of all other the best way.

Painter. That I believe. — — —

And here comes mine Host again with the trouts:—they are served as quickly as we could desire—so do you say grace, brother.—Amen.

Host. Sir, They are good-sized fish, and exceeding well conditioned.

Angler. The biggest is my brother's, that he took in the Pike Pool, after you were gone home; and he has declared it to be his purpose, from this day, to call himself a scholar of Mr. Walton, and endeavour to learn the secrets of our craft.

Host. Indeed, Sir! I am heartily glad of this—for I have heard Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton say, when men are quietly employed a-fishing, it teaches them to lay aside uneasy thoughts and cares, being a pastime that is full of hope; and this gentleman gives promise to

be a skilful artist with his angle.

Angler. True—and I'll drink his health in a glaſs of Staffordſhire ale—ſo make us a loving cup, with toaſted bread and ſugar, the ſame as yeſterday.

Hoſt. Sir ! it ſhall be done as you deſire.— And quickly.—

Angler. That is well—come brother, here's to you and your honeſt Maſter, Mr. Izaak Walton, and I will not forget Mr. Charles Cotton, for you muſt now look upon him as an adopted brother.

Painter. Truſt me, I want no perſuaſions to love Mr. Cotton, who hath provided ſuch delights by the river Dove, and made them all 'ſacred to anglers ;' my mind is full of the train of thoſe pleaſures. And now reſolve me this queſtion : Why may we not divert ourſelves another day or two on the margin of this fine river ?

Angler. Are you in earneſt ?

Painter. Indeed am I ; and if you are ſo inclined, I'll be wholly diſpoſed of by you.

Angler. Why, that's brave ! I accept your challenge ; and ſeeing you have abandoned yourſelf to my conduct, I will perſuade you to walk back to the town of Aſhbourne through the whole valley of Dove Dale.

Painter. That is agreed. Oh ! I am full

of joyful thoughts of rare angling; and perchance we may yet find some beautiful land-skips; nevertheless, methinks, we have seen the choicest parts of the river: is it not so?

Angler. Of that I shall ask leave to say nothing; do you but wait till to-morrow, and when you are come to the lower streams towards Ashbourne, I will remit the question to your own free judgment.

Painter. Well, I have suddenly a thought come into my mind.

Angler. What is that? I hope it is to give us a song, for I know you have not been denied a voice or an ear; so tune up your music, and after that I'll make some attempts myself, and sing an innocent song.

Painter. Anon—anon—but now tell me, why should not we two happy anglers, that have found our walking legs up and down the slopes of these glades, stretch them again to-morrow morning, and go to the higher parts of the Dove, and see how this river '*springs from a contemptible fountain,*' that Mr. Cotton says, '*he can cover with his hat.*'

Angler. On the word of an angler, you are the strangest man that ever I saw! Let me tell you, the path there and back is near upon twenty miles,

‘ Up hill and down dell,
‘ By rock and by fell.’

Painter. What care I for twenty miles, so
I may but drink a cup from that fountain of the
Dove to the health of my master, Mr. Izaak
Walton?

Oh! the gallant fisher’s life,
It is the best of any;
‘Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And ‘tis beloved by many.

Both. Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

Angler. In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora’s peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping.

Both. Then we go,
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To the Dove,
That we love,
If we have the leisure.

Angler. Excellent, excellent—‘ *you have con-
‘ quered me ;*’ and to speak the truth, I but tried

if you were in earnest ; for once on a time I walked by myself to the Dove Head, and I may tell you all the way is as full of fair sweet prospects as any can desire that love angling and the wild hadder of the moors ; so let us be gone to-morrow before the sun rising.

Painter. I care not how early ; and now every one to bed with a prayerful heart, that he may secretly fetch down his consolation from Heaven, and make every thing contribute to his gradual ascent thither.

Angler. Good night, all.



CHAPTER IV.

*The Angler and the Painter take a pleasant
walk to the source of the Dove.*

Angler.



OW now ! brave Gentleman, how
fares it with you this morning ?

Painter. Trust me, I am full of
joyful expectations.

Angler. Then you do not repent your sudden
challenge to walk across the moors to the
Dove Head ?

Painter. Oh, Sir, never fear me.

‘ Hark ! the lark at Heaven’s gate sings
‘ And Phœbus ’gins to arise,
‘ His steeds to water at those springs
‘ On chalic’d flowers that lies.’

The air of these mountains hath a wholesome
freshness that gives wings to the spirit.

Angler. Very true ; and I have the authority of learned Sir William Temple to declare, that health and long life are to be found on the Peak of Derbyshire, and the heaths of Staffordshire. Are you for breakfast ?

Painter. Ay ! and look, our host has provided for us in this arbour in his garden ; see, how it is grown over with jeffamines and honey-suckles.

Angler. And here is a hedge of sweet-briers—it all breathes fragrancy.

Painter. It is very pleasant ; and now let us discuss our breakfast with all freedom, as honest anglers ought to do : here's new baked bread, and milk and honey ; and here's a bowl of curds and whey, with nutmeg and ginger. Are you for that ?

Angler. With all my heart.

Painter. What say you, brother ; is not here a most fresh and unmatched morning for travellers ? Do but look over those hills ; and there are the blue moors, backed by the burnished light of the sun rising behind them. What can be more glorious ?

Painter. Nothing, nothing—see how he
' cometh forth as a bridegroom from his cham-
' ber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a
' race.'—

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please the mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, plume thy wing, nightingales, sing,
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow.
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Angler. Excellent well !—it is a song of Mr. Thomas Heywood ?

Painter. The same ; and now it is your turn.

Angler. Let me consider a while ; I'll give you a ballad of John Welbye. Or stay—now, I have one :

In pride of May,
The fields are gay,
The birds do sing, so sweetly sing—

So nature would
That all things could,
With joy, begin the spring.

Then, lady dear,
Do you appear
In beauty, like the spring ;

I dare to say,
The birds that day
More cheerfully will sing.*

And now we have done breakfast, and I am ready to attend you.

Painter. Well, then, let us be going. I am with you, lead on. You remember how the host told us there were two roads to Beresford: let us take the coach road by the left for a change ; and now we are at the top look before you, for there again is Beresford Hall.

Angler. Oh ! that Mr. Charles Cotton were now there ! and we might be invited to receive some instructions in fly-fishing !

Painter. And my master, honest Izaak, with his bottom-fishing,—so please you, brother.

Angler. That I heartily wish too.—But see we are once more arrived at the brink of the river.

* Ballads and Madrigals by Thos. Weekes, 1598.—
ED.

Painter. Do we cross over this fordable place?

Angler. Nay—that would be roundabout to Hartington; and mine host advised us rather to turn underneath those rocks which are close to Pike Pool; for there we may pass the river, and have a pleasant prospect of the fishing-house; and then by a nearer path across some fields to Hartington, and after that I can find my way.

Painter. With all my heart; so here we are again: see the turfy bank where we had the enjoyment of Mr. Walton's book; and the cobbling stones across the Dove.

Angler. The same; and so take care, or you may have an unlucky tumble into the river.

Painter. Over with you, Sir!—I am an angler now, and fear not 'the element I trade in.'

Angler. Bravely, Mr. Pictor, you have a dexterous management with your heels. Now to the right by this high bank: and look how the river winds through the meadows, above the fishing-house; and there you see before you Hartington Church; if you please, we may pass to the left of the town; and now, for a little while, we must bid farewell to the Dale.

Painter. I am sorry to hear it; our pleasures

are all too short-lived : methinks I could spend all the month of May near to Mr. Cotton's fishing-grounds.

Angler. That we might do with great contentment ; but for to-day we must rove among the moorlands ; and if some of them are barren and bleak, yet they will be set off to advantage by fresh streams, and valleys, and flocks, and herds. Then remember, though we are on pilgrimage, we may sit down on turf cushions when we are weary, and sing merry songs, in despite of care, ay, and of fortune too, that ' rackets with man as with her tennis ball.'

Painter. And I am resolved to take a pleasure in all I see ; but what is yonder hill ?

Angler. That is Banktop ; and there is Carderlow Hill, in Staffordshire. But now prepare yourself ; for you are come to a busy water-mill, and yonder you may see Ludwell Spring, that within a few yards of its rising, falls into the Dove.

Painter. How say you ? is this the very source of a river gushing with so sudden a force, and leaping out of a cavern in a considerable stream from underneath the ground ?

Angler. This ought to be noted in your blank book ; for it confirms an observation of Mr. Cotton, that '*the Dove from its head for a mile*

'or two is a black water, because it springs from the mofs; but in a few miles travel is so clarified by the addition of several clear and very great springs bigger than itself, which gush out of the lime-stone rocks, that before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.'

Painter. That is true; for, look, before these waters are joined, the Dove is a darkish colour. But here she comes away, rejoicing in the clearness of Ludwell Brook: and so they hurry themselves in company to the mill with a mutual alacrity.

Angler. There let them go, and to-morrow we shall meet them by Hanson Toot.—But who comes here?

Painter. It is a little country damsel.

Angler. Good morning, pretty maiden: What are you come for?

Maiden of the Mill. To fetch some water, Sir.

Painter. I pray you be civil, and let me taste some of this clear spring of the Ludwell from your pitcher.

Maiden. You are welcome, Sir. I'll dip it in.

Painter. Thank you, gentle maid; 'tis as cold as an icicle; and what is your name?

Maiden. Margery, so please you, Sir.

Angler. Well, my pretty Margery ; we are greatly beholden to you ; and here is a half Sevil piece to buy ribands for Sundays and holidays ; and so farewell.

Maiden. Your servant, kind Gentlemen, and I thank you both.

Angler. God speed you, pretty Margery ; and may you live as harmless and happy as you now appear to be, and some day or other walk to church on flowers. Come, brother, let us be forward ; for you and I must up to Wheeldon Hill, that towers to the skies yonder.

Painter. With all my heart : farewell, Margery. — — What a secret charm is in a youthful innocency, that hath not put off the white garments washed in the fountain of baptism ! I have heard it said, a child's mind gives a pattern of a church temper ; it looks to have come fresh from heaven, and to be the only thing fit to re-ascend to the celestial presence.

Angler. And that, we may believe, was the reason of our Redeemer exhorting mankind to have the mind of children. And did he not openly declare that their angels do always behold the face of their Heavenly Father ? meaning their guardian angels.

Painter. Are you of that opinion ?

Angler. I would not take upon myself to pry into the vast secrets of celestial intelligences : but, because the church declares that God hath *'ordained and constituted the services of angels in a wonderful order,'* and prays that *'they may succour and defend us on earth,'* I am not denied the consolation to think how those ethereal choirs have a sweet ministration on our behalf, as channels of grace ; else why doth St. Chrysostom exhort us to pray for the angel of peace, if they are not able to keep us out of heart-aching sins ? And if I could fix in my mind the assured image of one such angelic presence as my secret companion, this vale of tears would become a delightful Eden—this desert a near approach to heaven : for then it would be my most pleasant and glorious employment to lift up my feeble voice in the cherubic hymn ; my soul would be faithful and devout,—all things would become pure,—all things holy,—all things peaceful and lovely. And thus following my unseen guide, I should have a blessed fore-intimation of the realms of light, and my earthly services be a preparation for the awful presence of the Highest. Methinks I could never defile my body, which is the temple of God, nor permit a bad thought, or a sordid desire to taint the sanctuary of my

immortal spirit,—If I knew that would put to flight my angel, and compel its winged sorrowful retreat back to the courts of heaven,—not with triumphant Hosannas for a victory over sin and death, but to make a record of my fatal discomfiture to its weeping companions of the skies. Therefore, do not deny me the liberty to believe that God's bright angels throng invisibly through the universe, and '*encamp about them that fear Him.*'

Painter. Nay, I wish to be of your opinion, and that we have an interest in the prayers of ministering spirits, and so may attain unto some likeness to them: yet remember that they themselves are kept by the grace of ONE that is above all principalities and powers in heaven or in earth. And we have this surpassing relish of hope, that as His divine unerring eye beholds us with the love of a Mediator, and His Spirit is within and over us as a Comforter, infusing an immortal power into the inmost soul, we have the confirmation of a continual grace, that imprints a more sublime virtue than the presence of angels or archangels—yea, or of cherubim and seraphim, who veil their faces before Him. Oh! wherefore is it that we cannot attune our thoughts to the high employment of the invisible Church, who with

loud voices found forth joyful hallelujahs to God?

Angler. Because, brother, through our want of faith our eyes are blinded, that we cannot realize the presence of the heavenly world, which, nevertheless, is around and about us, as surely as these mountains and these skies. Give me leave to tell you, the Church always has, and, notwithstanding the decay of piety, does now acknowledge the '*communion of saints*,'—to wit, that the saints now on earth have spiritual fellowship with '*the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven.*'*

Painter. How mean you? with the saints departed and admitted into the presence of Christ?

Angler. So it is. I speak not now of the dignity that is wrought in holy persons by the permitted communion with God, according to the last prayer of our Saviour, that they might be one with Himself, (*as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us*),†—nor of the fulfilment of His rich promise, that His Father and Himself would love them, and come unto them, and make their abode

* Heb. xii. 22.

† John xvii. 21.

*with them,** nor of the inestimable gift of the Comforter, which should *abide with them for ever, (for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you :)*†—neither will I now further insist on the blessed assurance in Scripture of the spiritual communion of saints on earth with God's angels, who are *ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation,*‡ yea, and rejoice over them, yea, and wait for their souls, to carry them triumphantly into Abraham's bosom.—But, blessed be God! besides all this, we have assurance of the love of that innumerable company who wait in hope of the bright morning of the resurrection, who whilst on earth were renewed in the image of our God, and endued with the spirit of Christ,—even those successive generations that have departed this life in faith, and now made perfect, and inhabitants of the supernal City. Blessed be God! they are secret witnesses to our desires, our penitential tears, our fastings, our inward struggles, our outward crosses,—are present with us in the Holy Church, joining in those very sacraments and prayers which were their own comfort and support in *their* day of

* John xiv. 23.

† Ibid. xiv. 17.

‡ Heb. i. 14.

probation. Nay, death itself hath no power to accomplish the separation of those we have most dearly loved :—the grave hath closed over their mortality, they have escaped from their outward perishable frame, and have winged their way to unimaginable joys ; but it may be they are with us in unseen communion.—What if their spirits mingle with ours in a wonderful order ? and although we presume not to fathom the mystery beyond what is revealed in Scripture, may we not join with them and with the ten thousand times ten thousand hosts of heaven, in praise of the eternal unity of the Godhead, that hath given us this earnest of a glorious immortality ?

Painter. Oh ! the unsearchable riches that are even now within our grasp, if we knew to put forth our hand and reach them !

Angler. But alas ! because of the natural averfeness of our souls from heavenly contemplations, and our too intense fixedness on the unreal pleasures of the world, we cannot be warmed and affected with the kindlings of holy desires.

Painter. 'Tis true, yet strange,—for a religious spirit is the highest gift of God ; it is an incense that rises perfumed to His lofty throne, from whence it flows, and gives peace

of soul which setteth at naught all the chances of fortune.

Angler. True, for to be spiritually minded is peace, and by the bond of peace we are kept in the unity of the Spirit.

Painter. And that peace is nowhere else to be found but only in the Church, as witness those choice verses of Mr. George Herbert, who dedicated his muse to the Divine Majesty, and his life to a christian holiness.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.

I fought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.

A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note;
Surely, thought I,
This is the Lace of Peace's Coat:
I will search out the matter.

But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spie
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.

But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What shew'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace

I did demand, he thus began :
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who lived with good encrease
Of Flock and Fold.

He sweetly liv'd ; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat ;
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse
That vertue lies therein ;
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make bread of it, and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.*

Angler. You are in the right : the meaning
of Mr. George Herbert was, that peace may
only be found in the unity of the Holy Church,
which is *built on the foundation of the apostles
and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner
stone* ; and St. Chrysostom hath said the name

* Herbert's Poems, THE CHURCH, p. 117.

CHURCH is a name of harmony ;—and truly,—for he declares it to be a place of angels and of archangels, a palace of God, heaven itself ;—and her anointed ministers are the bearers of God's faithful message ;—baptizing all people into her one communion, dispensing to all the eucharistic Body and Blood of Christ their Redeemer, and catechizing all, young and old, in the holy mysteries of the Scriptures, which display the glory of God in the government and redemption of the world.

Painter. ' *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth Peace.*'

Angler. And when the prophet would raise up the heart of the afflicted Church, ' *tossed with tempest and not comforted,*' he saith, ' *Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord ; and great shall be the Peace of thy people.*'——But we grow too serious—let us be forward, or we shall scarce reach the end of our walk.

Painter. I am with you : and what big mountains are they, so dark in the distance ? they

must be ten miles off. I hope we shall have nothing to say to them.

Angler. Trust me, brother,—and something beyond them too, if you would see Dove Head to-day; but they are not so far as you think, and when you come to them, you'll like them none the worse for their steepness. But now we are arrived at Pilsbury, you may see Broad Meadow—that is a handsome mansion-house on the other side of the stream; and this is Wheeldon Hill.

Painter. Well, to be sure, he is not so difficult and tedious as he looked to be from Ludwell.

Angler. I declare no man living can trudge better than you do. And now you may find Crowdey Cote Bridge in the bottom, and a spring that contributes all its clearness to the Dove; and thus I have brought you to Sterndale; and so let us pass to the right.

Painter. Stay awhile, brother; methinks we are leaving our Dove, and that I have no mind to do.

Angler. Let me persuade you, for it is only to bring you back to her again with greater contentment; so you may leave her to her own careless pleasures in those flowery meads, whilst you and I pass through Glutton Dale; and here

we have dipped into the valley, and are come to the base of the hill, that looked so towering some miles off.

Painter. Indeed! we are arrived at it quickly. Has this mountain a name hereabouts?

Angler. Ay, and a well known one—with its elder brother, that is twice as high; they are the Great and Little Cromes; and there you may now see them before you, with cattle feeding on the very pinnacle.

Painter. That is a strange sight; I wonder how they clambered up such a steepy crag.

Angler. And see, I am as good as my word, for here we are come again to the Dove;—so follow me over this wooden bridge into Staffordshire.

Painter. Is this your River Dove? She is not grown bigger since last we parted.

Angler. You are in the right; she is less and less,—and darker than we remember her: for her path has been through some boggy mountainous ways; but like the eyes of a Moorish beauty, she is clear and sparkling, and is now hurrying on to the sweet prospects about Mr. Cotton's fishing-house that we so lately passed: and do you mark how she declines the invitations of these little rocks and glades, and water-docks, and shaly banks that hope to detain

her, breaking away from them with a disdainful murmur.

Painter. And not without reason, for the prospects hereabouts are middling.

Angler. Nay — turn yourself, and look at those high mountains: the two Cromes are now behind us, where the flocks and cattle still browse on the summits.

Painter. How, say you? Not those Cromes you spoke of an hour ago?

Angler. The same; but now they present themselves in a bold profile, and are broken into sharper edges.

Painter. Sharp indeed,—for the crags on the top are of such a narrowness, that I would not believe the cattle might stand there, if I did not see them do it: and, for my own part, I would not go over those rocks ‘*for a thousand pounds.*’

Angler. ‘*Nor tumble off them for two.*’

Painter. It is ‘an odd country indeed:’—but halt, brother, what is that I see?

Angler. Having past by Winterside, that looked so cold and rocky, we are come to Washgate; and tell me what you think of the landscape before you?

Painter. You have taken me quite by a surprise, for here is a prodigious passage in the

mountains that for rudeness of nature cannot be exceeded: methinks we are come to the world's end.

Angler. See how the Dove is suddenly forced down these rocky ledges, and is then joined by another and as rapid a stream,—Calfhaw Brook, that is scarce deserving of a name,—yet gushes down with a merry loud noise.

Painter. I am enchanted with this wildness: but I will confess your mountainous ways have put my metal to the proof, and I begin to be weary; so I beseech you let us sit awhile, that I may do my best to make a picture of these high rocks; and I shall ask you to read me some passages from my master's Book of Angling; and I remember how, because his happy companion, VENATOR, promised to dedicate two days to angling in his company, it was agreed they should first bestow the next day to hunt the Otter.

Angler. You shall hear what they did after they met the next morning, just as the sun was rising. For you are to know, as they came to Amwell Hill, the dogs had just put down an Otter. Then, after a short greeting, Mr. VENATOR told him to 'look down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks, there

‘you may see what work they make. Look !
‘look ! all busy ; men and dogs, dogs and men
‘—all busy.’ Then PISCATOR declared ; ‘he
‘was glad to see so many dogs, and more men,
‘all in pursuit of the Otter : let us compliment
‘no longer, but join unto them. Come, ho-
‘nest VENATOR, let us be gone, let us make
‘haste ; I long to be doing—no reasonable
‘hedge or ditch shall hold me.’

Painter. Was it Mr. Izaak said that ?

Angler. Ay, ay ; quiet Mr. Walton, that carries himself with so singular a sweetness and temper—but he hath a cheerful spirit, and withal a sweet instinct towards innocent recreations : and so he was suddenly transported, and ‘longed to be doing.’ Think how the meek angler promised ‘no reasonable hedge or ditch should hold him.’ I can almost think I see him now with his staff, hastening to the bottom of the hill, where ‘the men and dogs, dogs and men, were all busy.’

Painter. And tell me what they saw when they got there ?

Angler. They met a Gentleman Huntsman, that was cheering on his dogs to take the Otter ; so they enquired where he found this Otter ; and he replied, ‘Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place a-fishing : she has this

‘ morning eaten the greatest part of this trout ;
‘ she has only left thus much of it, as you see,
‘ and was fishing for more ; when we came we
‘ found her just at it : but we were here very
‘ early, we were here an hour before sun-rise,
‘ and have given her no rest since we came ;
‘ surely she will hardly escape all these dogs and
‘ men.’ Then, after a short conversation, he
bade them follow him, for he saw the ‘ Otter
‘ above water at vent, and the dogs close with
‘ him ; I now see, he will not last long—follow,
‘ therefore, my masters, follow ; for Sweetlips
‘ was like to have him at this last vent.’ Then
you may be sure they followed, and with a great
eagerness : then VENATOR cried out : ‘ Oh me !
‘ all the horses are got over the river, what
‘ shall we do now ? shall we follow them over
‘ the water ?’ ‘ No, Sir, no ;’ (said the Otter-
hunter) ‘ be not so eager ; stay a little, and
‘ follow me, for both they and the dogs will be
‘ suddenly on this side again, I warrant you,
‘ and the otter too, it may be. Now have at
‘ him with Killbuck, for he vents again.’ Then
VENATOR, having a natural propensity to all
kinds of sports with dogs, heartily exclaimed,
‘ Marry ! so he does : for, look ! he vents in
‘ that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him :
‘ now he is gone again, and has bit the poor

‘dog. Now, Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; some above, and some under water: but now, now she is tired, and past losing. Come, bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! It is a Bitch-otter, and she has lately whelped. Let’s go to the place where she was put down; and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all to.’

Painter. Excellent! What a joyful and natural confusion of the huntsmen! ‘*men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.*’

Angler. And after that they went to an honest ale-house, where they had a cup of good barley wine, and sang *Old Rose*, and so they rejoiced together, and then bade farewell with mutual good thoughts and wishes; and so honest Mr. Walton and his scholar went to their sport of angling.

Painter. Very pleasant! what a natural sprightliness of manner in handling his subject! and such masterly touches of art, that it is all like an excellent piece of painting. But now I have done my poor draught of the landscape, so let us forward; methinks Dove head is never to come.

Angler. Patience, brother, for you have, ere long, something more to see: and now we are

passed over the bridge back again into the county of Derby, what do you think of this sudden change in the river? There are high rocks and crags on either side: some have been tumbled down to the bottom in confused heaps, and threaten they will block up the passage.

Painter. This makes the Dove more fretful and noisy, and rather than she will be detained in this stony wilderness, she vaults over the crags, and throws herself into a cascade underneath the bridge.—But look to your feet; for I like not this edge of the cliffs, that stand so high. How now! there is another glen joins itself; and, I declare, a rapid stream, as big, or may be bigger than the Dove, and to say the truth, I know not which is our own river.

Angler. Then make some guess before I declare it to you.

Painter. I cannot resolve you. Methinks that to the right is more like to come from Derbyshire.

Angler. Nay, the left hand is our course; the other water, that gushes in her channel with so singular a steepness, is Cooper-Brook; and if you listen, you may hear with what a sweet harmony she welcomes the approach of her future playmate, and pays her willing tribute into the streams of the Dove, and is happy to

change her own name for another and a better, that is in so great esteem with all anglers.

Painter. Here is one of those spots of nature that I love to behold. This is the noblest architecture imaginable; for here are mountains, and rocks, and valleys disposed in a wild order, that is more excellent than the richest ornaments of all Greece: nay, I will not make an exception of the Parthenon at Athens, or the great Colosseum in Rome;—nor the very pillars of the gate, which was called Beautiful, in the Temple at Jerufalem, nor all the once glorious Palmyra are able to contend for nobleness against these works of nature.

Angler. Which is not to be wondered at, since those were builded by man; but the hills have God for their founder: it is HE that ‘*weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.*’ HE it is that can make them break forth into singing, or cause them to be desolate; that can remove them into the depths of the sea, as easily as He caused their highest tops to be covered with the flood, when He opened the gates of heaven.

Painter. And for that beautiful structure of the Temple of Zion which was ornamented with so many thousand talents of gold, and refined silver and brass, and a number of all

manner of precious stones, that Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle says, was capable of impoverishing the Indies,—and those cherubims overlaid with gold within the oracle that stretched forth their wings, so that the wing of the one touched the one wall, and the wing of the other cherub touched the other wall—where are they now?—they are dispersed as a dream : but these mountains shall remain till that hour, when ‘ *the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.*’

Angler. And hath not HE declared, (whose ‘ *coming*’ shall then be) that Solomon himself, the builder of the first Temple, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one even of those heathy flowers you have in your hand? I beseech you give me that bunch you have plucked, and when I go home, I’ll dry them in a book, that I may sometimes call back again to my mind this happy day’s journey, and these sweet thoughts amidst the springs of the Dove.

Painter. Do so ; and I am glad to think that in this manner I shall live the better in your memory.

Angler. Trust me for that, brother. But we must not tarry ; we must be away for Dove Head.

Painter. I am with you :—but here are more

ups and downs than I expected ; how long will they last ? for I begin to flag.

Angler. Cheer up, heart, and follow me ; and that I may beguile the length of the way along these mossy slopes that are so soft under foot,—and because you are won to the love of angling,—I will perform my promise, and read you that epistle of Mr. Cotton to Mr. Izaak Walton.

Painter. I shall be charmed to hear it.

Angler. Then listen,—

‘ Feb : y^e. 13. 1676.

‘ My deare and worthy Father,

‘ Supposing you (who are ever so constant
‘ to your resolutions) to bee by this time re-
‘ turn’d to London, I venture to give you the
‘ trouble of a letter to enquire how you doe,
‘ and whether I may hope to see you here this
‘ approaching summer : in truth I long for no-
‘ thing more than to see you, and therefore if
‘ your affaires either invite you this way ; or
‘ will permitt you to bestow some time upon
‘ your friends that love you, itt will, without
‘ complement, bee as great a satisfaction to
‘ mee, as I could almost wish. In the next
‘ place, give mee leave to enquire how my

‘ Lords Grace of Canterbury does, and my
 ‘ Lord of Winton. The last of which was
 ‘ every where in these parts so confidently re-
 ‘ ported for dead ; that in earnest, I concluded
 ‘ him so, till I received your last letter, which,
 ‘ though you did not mention him in itt, af-
 ‘ fured mee neverthelesse hee was still living,
 ‘ otherwise I suppose you had had no businesse
 ‘ at Farnham : your owne famyly I need not
 ‘ so strictly to enquire after, because I know
 ‘ you will tell me without asking, so that till I
 ‘ shall againe heare from you, I have little more
 ‘ to say, excepting to tell you y^t I have here
 ‘ enclosed sent you a ridiculous song I made
 ‘ one day by the River side ; that my Lady of
 ‘ Ardglass is your servant, and joins with mee
 ‘ in the request of seeing you here, together
 ‘ with that old and constant truth, that I am,
 ‘ and must ever bee, whilst wee two live,

‘ Dear Father, Your most affectionate friend,

‘ Sonne and Servant,

‘ CHARLES COTTON.’

‘ We are all here very well, that is now wee
 ‘ begin to thaw again : for so nipping a winter
 ‘ has not been for these many years, and yett
 ‘ when the water was frozen up almost, and

‘ only a small gullet open in the sharp of the
‘ streams, I then killed several Graylings, 16,
‘ 17, 18, and 20 inches long with an Ash grub,
‘ and no more than one single hayre, as feve-
‘ rall can witnesse ; and that in their full vigour
‘ and best season. My service I pray to Mr.
‘ Daniell Sheldon ; to whom by the next re-
‘ turne of the carrier I will send some flies and
‘ direct them to Sir Joseph Sheldon.’

Painter. A very pleasant cheerful letter, and
a sure witness to the love these two familiar
masters of angling bear to each other’s person.

Angler. I would we had that ‘ *ridiculous*
‘ *poem made one day by the River side ;*’ which
was enclosed in it : but that was not in the pos-
session of my *Aldine Scholar* ; and I am only
permitted to hope Mr. Walton hath treasured
it up with some others to be hereafter put forth
to the world in print.

Painter. In a handsome ‘ *litel boke* ’—and
because you have shewn me how my master
will sometimes court the favour of the muses, it
may come to pass some May morning, when
they are angling together, the two poets shall
resolve to ask Mr. Richard Marriott* to print

* Richard Marriott was the publisher of almost all
Izaak Walton’s works.—Ed.

their verses in a happy conjunction.

Angler. That would be as worthy of our perusal as the SHEPHERD'S GARLAND *fashioned in Eglogs*, by Mr. Walton's honest old friend Michael Drayton : and doubtless my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, who loves Mr. Walton and his art of fishing, will have a pleasure to affix his IMPRIMATUR *ex Ædibus Lambethanis*.

Painter. And methinks Mr. Cotton, when he commanded his service to Mr. Daniel Sheldon and promised to send some flies to Sir Joseph Sheldon, knew that Mr. Walton was on a short visit to the Archbishop at Lambeth.

Angler. Or it might be at his palace in Croydon?—but look you, there is the Dove, down in the deep glen beneath ; and though she grows more diminutive, yet there are bright rills that silently glide out of the mountains to swell her little eddies and cascades — — And now, here is another turn in the path, and so I have brought you to Dove-head.

Painter. Indeed ! I'm rejoiced to hear it, but how ! I see no '*contemptible fountain that I can cover with my hat,*' but a tolerable stream.

Angler. Patience, good brother—it is true we are here come to the hamlet of Dove-head ; but for the source of the stream, you are to

mount with me the side of this broad mountain, that is called AXE EDGE.

Painter. Alas the day ! up this great mountain, which is as high as Mont Blanc in Switzerland ? but much darker, I warrant you. Well, Sir, if it must be so,—but I'm almost exhausted.

Angler. Come, let me give you a helping hand.

Painter. I thank you, but I'm too big-hearted to yield me—so put on your manhood, and stalk along ; I'll stem Broad Axe Edge with a ' heart of controversy.' Heigh ho ! now we are up, and here is nothing I can see in the likeness of a river.

Angler. Pardon me, for I may now wish you joy ; look to this side of you ; here is the ' contemptible little fountain.'

Painter. Indeed ! and so there is—what a marvellous little fountain ! but it is a most clear and pellucid stream.

Angler. And yet Mr. Cotton declares this river '*from its head, for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note originally are ; for they all spring from the mosses.*

Painter. Well, I see no mosses hereabouts, but a highland downy turf, and it is a pure and

transparent rill.

Angler. Well, well ; we may leave these nice questions ; only this is for certain, here is the source of the river Dove—so let us sit and rest ourselves.

Painter. With all my heart, for I was never so tired in my life, scrambling up and down these moorlands :—I scarce thought my legs would carry me so far.

‘ Here down my wearyed limbs I’ll lay,
‘ My pilgrim’s staffe, my weeds of grey.’

Angler. It is a good angler’s walk, I grant you ; and by the sun we are eight hours from Alstonfields !

Painter. Come, then—where is the knack of provisions ?

Angler. Here it is, and I profess to you I am both hungry and thirsty. There is a slab of stone that covers the fountain will serve for a table—and here is the well of water to cool our Rhenish.

Painter. So, so ; it is all delightful : indeed it all breathes of pleasure ; let’s open the wallet, and make ourselves joyful at the head of the Dove. By the word of an angler, I mean to throw away all cares and be light-hearted. Come, Sir, your appetite is squeamish.

Angler. Trust me, I'm quite hearty ; and here's my service to you in a cup of wine.

Painter. The fame to you, and is not our host a good caterer ? with hunger for sauce, this provision is fit for a king !—and I am now able, on this wild moor, to be as happy as any prince in Christendom.

Angler. And why not, if we have grateful and contented hearts ?

‘ Sweet are the thoughts that favour of content,
‘ The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
‘ Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
‘ The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
‘ Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
‘ Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss ! ’—

But come, Sir,—it is your turn for a song ; so please you begin.

Painter. Well, then, I'll try my voice at a song of George Withers :

‘ Lordly gallants, tell me this,
‘ Though my safe content ye weigh not,
‘ In your greatness, what one bliss
‘ Have you gained that I enjoy not ?
‘ You have honours, you have wealth
‘ I have peace, and I have health,
‘ All the day I merry make,
‘ And at night no care I take.

‘ Bound to none my fortunes be,
‘ This or that man's fall I care not ;

' Him I love that loveth me ;
' For the rest a pin I care not.
' You are mad when others chafe,
' And grow merry when they laugh ;
' I that hate it, and am free,
' Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.'

And now we'll drink a health to our masters in angling.

Angler. And let it be in a sip of clear water from this fountain-head of the Dove, by way of memorial.

Painter. Well, well, only a sip, and—after that we'll drink to them in better Rhenish.

Angler. With all my heart.

Painter. Here's to Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton.

Angler. To Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton ! And now, by your leave, I'll grave the two first letters of their names in cipher on this very stone that is over the fountain.

Painter. How mean you ?

Angler. Here are tools, I borrowed from our host, for I had bethought me of this, and must confess I purposed it in my mind, the last time I travelled this way. So do you be busy in a picture, and I'll make a rude copy of the cipher which is over the door of the fishing-house.

Painter. It is an excellent conceit ; and I

hope Mr. Cotton may one day chance to hear of this, and wonder at the unknown travellers that hold him in so high esteem ; and would he might now see our mutual labours ! Come, Sir, lend me your steel, and I'll light a pipe—so ! and now do you tell me something of this Axe Edge which is as dark as a thunder-cloud, but no more like an axe than I'm like a tree. Are we now in the county of Derby or Stafford ?

Angler. Which you please : for here you may now stand with one foot on the county of Stafford, and the other in Derbyshire ; look you, or I will rather say, listen ; for you will scarce hear, and cannot see the puny Dove that now trickles out of the well under our feet, and goes rustling through the long grass down the side of the mountain ; and nevertheless I may tell you, she is big enough to divide the counties one from another for many a long mile. There : '*go thy way, little Dove,*' and make glad the thousand meadows that you have a mind to visit in your rambles.

Painter. And, trust me, she shall receive the applauses of many meek and happy anglers in return for the pleasures she bestows on them. But tell me something further, honest Piscator, of this great mountain.

Angler. Well, then, you are to note, Axe

Edge gives birth to many a trouty stream : and if we had time to come at them, I could show you some clear fountains, as the Goit and others ; but next to the Dove is the river Wye, that flows down this mountain, till it comes to the hot wells at Buxton, and after that, to Bakewell and the noble hall at Haddon ; and is thereabouts made brighter than before by the Lath-kill. But see, here we have Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton's initial letters twisted together in cipher, and graved on the stone. I hope no uncivil hand will untie the knot that joins them.



Painter. I hope so too, for it is excellently well graved, and a worthy tribute to our masters at the very fountain-head of their favoured Dove.

Angler. And now for a song. Nay we must be stirring, or we shall not find our way to Alstonfields before dark.

Painter. Ah me ! I had almost forgot : did you say all the way back to Alstonfields ? and must it be ? I know not if my legs will carry me so far.

Angler. Then you may use your best arguments to persuade them; for I can tell you, Axe Edge is a cold bed for travellers, and you'll find no house of entertainment by the way. But, come, another cup, and then let us pack up, and away with a good will. Sir, I pledge you.

Painter. Well, well! that's a refreshing draught, and I am with you, so do you lead on.

Angler. And I have something to tell you for your comfort. I shall bring you by a near path across these mountains to the other side of the Great Crome; it is not half the distance and for the greater part down hill.

Painter. That's pleasant news; but now I'm unconquerable; I'm fit for any thing.

Angler. Come, then, bear away to the left; and what say you to these ridges that are piled up one after the other?

Painter. It is all exceeding wild. These mountains have a noble solemn look.

Angler. But let me think awhile: I have some misgivings. I cannot resolve me which is our nearest way; let us try this wild path to the left.

Painter. Nay, Master, if you have lost your reck'ning over these Alps, we shall chance to sleep under this 'most excellent canopy, the

‘air.’ But stay; what is yonder?—a lonely cottage on the next brow. So fortune has helped us at a pinch.

Angler. ’Tis some poor peaceful shepherd’s cottage; let us go forward and knock! Holloa! within there!

Shepherd. Who’s there? how now, my lads!

Angler. Good even, master: can you tell us the way to Hartington?

Shepherd. To Hartington, good gentlemen? marry can I, ’twere strange else: old Racing Harrison might bring you across these mountains blindfolded, if need were.

Angler. Pr’ythee tell us, if we are to take to the left hand?

Shepherd. Ay, to the left, through yon slipstyle; and mind to keep the Crome on your right: but stay awhile; I’ll fetch my staff, and go along with you.

Painter. We thank you: but first let us offer you a cup of good wine; and if it please you, I’ll put this cold pie on the settle at the door, for supper, when you come back. And now who’s for a pipe?

Angler. I—and all. Come, Master Shepherd, try my Virginia.

Shepherd. I thank you, gentlemen travellers; and now this way, for the evening comes on.

Painter. You seem to have a hearty old age; you step like a yonker.

Shepherd. Ay, Sir; the time has been, when I was huntsman's groom to the noble Earl's father, I could scale these hills from morning till sunset, and tire down the stoutest buck.

Angler. Then you have served the great family of Cavendish?

Shepherd. That, Sir, has been my pride these many a-year, in peace and war. I followed the Earl's noble brother, General Charles, to Grantham, and was close to him at the battle of Gainsborough, when the rebel Noll forced him and his unbroken Lincoln troop into a quagmire. I myself heard him refuse quarter from so seditious a crew, and saw him cast his blood that flowed from his wounds into their faces, and so he died as he lived, one of the most loyal cavaliers and servants of the late king. After that I was made ranger hereabouts: but now I am three-score years, and some of the ailments of age have come upon me; so I tend my little flock of sheep, and pay my honourable Lord a peppercorn for rent.

Painter. Are these lands hereabouts the Earl of Devonshire's?

Shepherd. That are they for miles and miles. He's a little king in all this country, and a right

royal master to old Racing Harrison. Now look ye, Gentlemen, the path lies between these two hills; and when you come to another slip-style at the bottom, you are to hold right on, till you see stars twinkle through the hole in the top crag of the Crome.

Angler. Ay, now I remember. Thanks, honest Shepherd, and good even to you.

Shepherd. Good even, young Gentlemen; and will you please give an old man his license? Ah! memory tells us youth is a slippery time; and every step you take shall bring you nearer or wider the way of heaven. We shall not meet again on these hills; but when the last trump shall sound, may we all be found with the mark on our foreheads.

Painter. Amen to that pious wish. And now a hearty farewell, and thanks for your safe conduct. Trust me, we shall remember honest *Racing Harrison* of the hills.

Shepherd. I thank you, good Gentlemen; and may peace be with you. Away! for night draws apace.

Angler. Brother, there was something touching in that old Shepherd's parting words. But see, we are now come behind the Great Crome.

Painter. Is it possible? and so soon! You promised to make the way shorter, and well it

is so ; for those golden lights from the setting sun bid good even to the landskip, and the valleys are thrown into an opposition of deepening shadows.

Angler. ‘ *En avant* ’ is the word, seeing how the evening closes around us.

Painter. Why, what a conjuror are you ! Sure we are come again to Glutton Dale, or I’m mistaken ?

Angler. The same ; and here you will pass into Stern Dale, and then by Crowdey Cote, and Ludwell, where we are now arrived ; and so you are within a mile of Hartington.

Painter. Why, this is excellent ! and now methinks I see Hartington Church. Ho ! ho ! I’m off my legs.

Angler. Come, Sir, one more stretch, and then we’re at home ; so be a man ;

‘ Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
‘ And merrily hent the stile a,
‘ Your merry heart goes all the day,
‘ Your sad one tires in a mile a.’*

Painter. Trust me, never was pilgrim gladder to see the goal of his journey, than I shall be to find myself at Alstonfields.

* Antidote against Melancholy. A. D. 1661.—ED.

Angler. Well, my good companion, we have had a lusty walk, that's true ; and now give me thine hand, for here we are come to our inn.

Hofst. Gentlemen, my humble service to you both. You must be weary.

Painter. Let me tell you, I'm nigh exhausted, for I have never made such a march till now ; but every thing I have seen hath exceeded my hopes ; indeed, I am transported with love towards your moorlands, and the River Dove.

Hofst. I am happy to hear you say so.

Painter. And now let us take a light supper, and then to bed ; for I see Mr. Marsh has prepared a dish of trouts for us, so let me serve you.

Angler. I'm quite willing : for, to speak the truth, I'm no less weary than yourself ; and, moreover, we have a long day before us to-morrow ; for our purpose is to sleep at Ashbourne.

Hofst. Gentlemen, I shall be sorry to lose your company. I wish I could detain you by the Dove till Mr. Cotton's return ; and he'll be grieved to hear how he has missed the pleasant acquaintance with such lovers of the angle.

Angler. And, I pray you, let him understand ' *how we fished his stream by inches,*' and do not

forget our thanks to him for this liberty in his absence.

Painter. And how we were enchanted with the sylvan prospects about his house and grounds, and all the ornaments in that temple of his, dedicated to anglers.

Hofst. Sirs, you may depend I shall.

Angler. And, moreover, do you tell him how we walked to Dove-head, and there graved on a flat stone that covers the fountain, the first letters of his and Mr. Walton's names, in honour of their mutual friendship.

Hofst. Indeed !

Painter. Ay, as like as possible to the cipher that is over the fishing-house.

Angler. And this out of respect to him and Mr. Walton ; and so he may find that inscription any day he is willing to travel thither.

Hofst. Sirs, I am not able to express my thanks for all your kind thoughts of my dear and honourable master : and because you hold him in this esteem, give me leave to present you some serious verses he composed in the last days of a cold winter ; they are writ with his own hand, and have never been in print.

Angler. Nay, Mr. Marth, is it possible you are in earnest ?

Hofst. Sir, wait but a moment, and I'll go

fetch them. ——— ———

And here they are at your service.

Angler. Indeed I may not rob you of such a treasure.

Host. Sir, my heart is overpowered. Here I have preserved them for two years past; but you are welcome, and none so worthy to receive them as a gentleman that entertains such thoughts of the writer. They will be safe in your good keeping, and I beseech you to take them.

Angler. I know not what I should answer.

Host. Sir, they are freely yours.

Angler. A thousand thanks, most kind and worthy Mr. Marth, for so precious a gift: it shall be preserved as a memento of these happy hours we have spent about Beresford Hall. Look you, brother.

Painter. I wish you joy.

Angler. I am in haste to read them.

Painter. Pray do so. I long to hear them.

Angler. I perceive they are verses on

OLD AGE.

Why should fond man to his owne wrong,
A weary life seeke to prolong
By those detested cheats of art,
That only add unto the smart,

The growing malady and paine
Of life, of which wee so complaine ?
As if there could bee a new way
To make things prosper by decay ;
As if a tree shoud wider spread,
By loosing sap, its graceful head ;
Or higher towards heaven shoot,
For being hollow att y^e root.
Med'cine helps old men only so,
As burnings are allay'd by snow,
Which often makes us worfe endure,
Cheating the paine itt cannot cure ;
And to death only mends our pace,
As painting sooner spoiles a face.

But say wee could, when once grown old,
Our ruines by such props uphold,
Who would, to his own peace untrue,
His lease of misery renew ?
The young, who in soft pleasures live,
May well sollicite a reprieve,
When death does threaten, since they doe
Nothing but life and pleasure know.
But they to whom living alone
Is houely execution,
Should not evade methincks the cure
Of all the doloures they endure.

What, when cold cramps our limbs invade,
When nature's visibly decay'd,
When all our youthful vigour's gone,
Sight, hearing, taste, complexion
Are fled, and faded, when all sence,
Nay worfe, when all intelligence
(Which only human life does bleffe)
Is turn'd into forgettfulnesse,

Or sees but in a magic glasse,
The ayery fine young thing it was,
What is there then, O then I say,
Should make us longer wish to stay?
'Tis not the palsey, nor the gout,
The tiffick, nor the num'rous rout
Of ling'ring paines old men best name,
Which we can rationally blame.
Old age itself is the disease,
Whose wretched traine consists of these.
For as health, vigour, beauty, grace,
Gayetie, and disposednesse,
Make up its spritely equipage
T' our morning and meridian age;
So is old age attended by
All sorts of paine and misery,
More faithful followers by farre
Than th' other briiske attendants are,
Who falsely with our fortunes fly:
These never leave us 'till we dye.

Age is th' effect of time, and course,
In which, alas, there's no resource;
Art, that is so ador'd, and great,
Can here but little glory gett,
Who, where faint nature does refuse
T' assist, must needs her credit loose.
Physic itself, that sows'raigne friende,
To humane kind must misse her end,
And short in her endeavour falls
With all her herbs and mineralls,
And but afflicts y^e patient more,
In weak'ning what shee can't restore.

Cease then, old man, thy fate t'eschew,
As youth has had, give age itt's due,

Lye downe, and dye, and so make roome
For him whose turne 'tis next to come

CHARLES COTTON.

Painter. They are excellent verses ; but of a melancholy cast.

Angler. The best of us will sometimes be oppressed with sad forebodings. Mr. Marsh, you have laid a lasting obligation on me.

Host. Sir, not another word, I beseech you ; but if I might make so bold, I have one request to make of this gentleman who is so skilful a limner.

Painter. What is it ? for trust me it is already granted, if it's within my poor ability.

Host. Sir, it is that I might have a design of my master's fishing-house, in black and white, from your pencil.

Painter. Most willingly, and I'm happy to make any return for your civility to my brother.

Host. Sir, I thank you ; and here is an ancient letter of my late mistress, Mr. Cotton's mother, that she once writ to the steward at the Hall ; and perhaps this gentleman will read it aloud : and it is quite at your service, if you will be pleased to accept it.

Painter. Indeed, I am greatly beholden to you. Now, brother, do you read the letter,

and I will draw a copy of the fishing-house out of my blank book.

Angler. With all my heart—here it is :

‘ HONEST WILL,

‘ I wonder I heard not from you the last
‘ weeke. I send you an accompt of my wants :
‘ pray get so much money as you can, and
‘ brew the half-hoghead of strong beere, and
‘ put it into the little house’ (*that is the Flam-
‘ beaux Tower you saw*) ‘ and one hoghead of
‘ small, which will require four strikes of mault,
‘ 2 for the strong, and 2 for the small : and
‘ I desire your wife to doe me the favoure as
‘ to brew them herselfe ; remember to do it
‘ speedylie before hott weather comes, for I
‘ shall be verie speedily in the countrie. Send
‘ me Jack’s height, that I may buy his coats
‘ fitt, and the height of my owne chambre, that
‘ I may fitt my bed. Desire your wyfe to looke
‘ in the trunke where my work lies, and send
‘ mee one that is fully finished, and one that
‘ is not, of the quishions in Irish worke, and
‘ the broad peece of quishion canvis, 2 yards
‘ broad that is unwrought ; let mee know how
‘ my garden grows, and tell John Gardiner
‘ that if I do not finde my gardens in ample
‘ maner when I come, that hee and I shall not

‘ bee friends : bid him fend word if he would
‘ have any thing sent down for them. Mr.
‘ Upton remembers him to you and your wife,
‘ and desires to know whether his meare bee
‘ brought in bed or noe, and I desire to knowe
‘ how my black damsell doth ; pray get your
‘ own horses in good case, in case I fend for
‘ you, or you are to meet mee : remember mee
‘ to all my friends, but especially to John Hayes,
‘ John Bassett, Dic Ball, and tell him I will
‘ bring his cognizance with mee. Let us get
‘ the blew coate where wee can ; desire your
‘ nephew to looke in my trunk of books, and
‘ there you shall finde a large booke in writing
‘ with a parchment cover, blotied on one side
‘ with inke towards the nooke of it, its of pre-
‘ serving & conserving, & fend it up by this
‘ bearer, by whome I think I shall fend you
‘ further newes of my coming downe, if Mr.
‘ Parker be not the cause ; but however doe
‘ what I have desired. Send me word what’s
‘ become of that gracious elfe Pud ; so I rest,

‘ Your loving M^{rs}

‘ OLIVE COTTON.

‘ my blessing to the two
‘ comrades that keepe the

‘ rabbits, Jack & Bilburd.

‘ Maye the 19th
1650.’

‘ For my trustie servant
‘ William Grindon at
‘ Beresford, this with
‘ care & speede
‘ Staffordshere.’

Painter. What a primitive kindness of nature there is in every line. I declare to you, brother, it is more deserving to be treasured up in an angler’s cabinet than those Latin epistles I have seen of famed Mistress Anna Maria Shurman.

Angler. It is the letter of a careful and benevolent mistress.

Hof. Ay, Sirs! and that she was indeed. Alas! if she had lived long enough, it had been happier for Mr. Cotton. But she was snatched away, like a too delicate flower, as she was.*

* She died at the age of 38, as appears from a poem of Sir Aston Cockaine:—‘On the death of his dear ‘cousin germaine, Mrs. Olive Cotton, who deceased at ‘Beresford, in the 38th year of her age, and lies buried ‘at Bentley, by Ashbourne.’—ED.

Will it please you, Sir, to receive this letter? for I have some others by me.

Painter. I thank you heartily, Mr. Marth, and I may not decline a kindness so freely offered; and here is my copy of the fishing-house, which is not worthy to be called a return for such a gift.

Hofst. Sir, my humble duty and thanks to you, and if ever you come this way again, and it please God I live, you shall then find this natural view of the fishing-house glazed and hanging up over my parlour chimney.

Angler. Well, I hope some happy day we may all meet here again: and so let us to bed, and pleasant dreams to every one.





CHAPTER V.

The return of the Angler and Painter to Ashbourne, through Dove Dale.

Angler.



WELL, brother, now we are come over the river into Derbyshire, and are arrived under Wolfscote Hill, tell me what you thought of our honest host at Alstonfields, and his charges.

Painter. I know not which to admire most, the good cheer and beds that he gave us, or the moderateness of the score. There we have lived like brave gentlemen for three days, and been most civilly and handsomely treated, and the charge was no more than I have paid for a day's reckoning at an inn in Westminster.

Angler. If I may speak my real thoughts, I have not met a more modest and decently behaved man than Herbert Marsh; so I shall make honourable mention of him to all my

friends that come to these parts, and recommend them to take up their lodgings at the King's Head.

Painter. And so will I. But whither are we going?—what a desolation is here!—I wish we might return to that Vale of Tempe, by Beresford Hall, and Mr. Cotton's fishing-house: for now, we are scarce come a mile, and you have only bald hills, with rubble stones that hang on the sides.

Angler. It might all seem to be a dull kind of place, but for the windings of the Dove, that hurries fretfully away from this dreary region, '*which she would not touch but for necessity;*' and for her sake, I beseech you, excuse the want of other graces hereabout: for, trust me, by and by you shall find some master-pieces of nature's work. So let us follow whither she leads the way: and now we are come to Bigging Dale, that has the variety of some tufts of wood, and pointed crags.

Painter. I see no beauties to marvel at; but I will put on my master's patience:—and see, —here are cobbling stones across the river, that will give us a change, and a passage into Staffordshire.

Angler. If you will be advised, we shall do better on this side.

Painter. As you please. But look : yonder is a pair of water-birds, dabbling down the stream before us. I hope they are Alciones, that is, our native king-fishers ; or, as some will call them, Hoop-birds.

Angler. It is an even lay they are water-oufels ; for you may always find them up and down about the Dove : nevertheless, they are hard to come at. But wherefore desire to have them Halcyons ?

Painter. Because I have a singular regard for those birds, knowing them to be an emblem and prognostic of calmness ; and I am sure, these days I have enjoyed you on the brink of the Dove have been ‘ Halcyon days ’ for me. How does the Sicilian mariner rejoice during the time of the Alcyons sitting on their nests ! for then, as Pliny writes, the sea is not so boisterous, but more quiet than at other times. And yet, you are to note, this bird is prohibited to the Israelites, as unclean, in the book of Leviticus, wherein it is rendered as the Lapwing ; but this learned Sir Thomas Browne declares to be a mistake, And the reason for this divine prohibition is ‘ the magical virtues ascribed unto it ‘ by the Egyptian nation ; for they so highly ‘ magnified the Halcyon in their symbols, they ‘ placed it on the head of their gods ; and Orus,

‘ their hieroglyphic for the world, had the head
‘ of a Hoop-bird upon the top of his staff.’ And
I may tell you certain other peculiars of this
famed water-fowl ;—as that they make their
nest, and hatch their young, in the middle of
winter ; and this nest they build so as it may
float on the waves ; and because Providence
instructs every moving creature with a secret
instinctive wisdom, they will fasten it to some
rock or border of the sea, by an artful slender
line, that the changing tides may not carry it
away from home.

Angler. Come, my brother, you are poetical ;
you do but magnify the nature of your Hal-
cyons, and amuse me with pleasant fables.

Painter. Nay, Sir, that is their own contri-
vance, and none of mine ; and you may believe
Aristotle and Basilius, when they declare that
the tempestuous winds are hushed into silence,
and the angry sea is becalmed, for fear they
should give any disturbance to this friend of
mariners, whilst they nestle their young ones.
And a learned Augustine* monk aptly compares
this Halcyon to the Saviour of mankind, who
hath no sooner taken up His place in the foul,
than all the swelling billows of this world’s

* P. Augustinus Chesneau, Orpheus Eucharisticus. ED.

storms are changed into a holy quietness. There is no longer any threatening of calamity, but a sublime confidence: then the lowering clouds pass away before the beams of the glorious *Sun of Righteousness*, and the pleasant gales breathe nothing but peace and joy. Then the believer, holding faith and a good conscience, meets with no shipwreck; for Jesus '*maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still*;' then the Christian mariners '*are glad because they be quiet: so He bringeth them to their desired haven*.'*

Angler. Oh! that the Heavenly Halcyon might be ever with us, to impart unto our unquiet thoughts His own divine calm! Then the tempestuous whirlwind of our passions should be silenced, and we made capable to enjoy that promise—'*Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you*.'†

Painter. And thus be prepared for the immortal joys laid up in store for the humble soul.—But there again you may mark them flitting away before us;—and now they are alighted on that great stone in the middle of the stream.

Angler. I see them; and I may tell you, for

* Psalm cvii. 29, 30.

† John xiv. 27.

certain, they are water-oufels. Now would I give two ducats for a gun ! for a dear friend of mine, who is an angler, and has a fancy for all kinds of birds, and is acquainted with their nature, and feathers, and notes, desired me to bring him home a water-oufel, if I chanced to meet one, that he might set it in his museum of stuffed birds. And there is nothing in moderation I would not do to pleasure him ; he is such a civil, honest brother of the angle.

Painter. As namely ?

Angler. He is one you have an acquaintance with.

Painter. Pr'ythee his name, if he be a meek angler.

Angler. Well, then, I may tell you, Francis Mieris, whom I have heard you declare to be one of the choice painters of Holland, bears the same initials.

Painter. Indeed ! then I can unravel your enigma : it is your most worthy kinsman, bound to you not more by a near affinity than an ancient friendship,

F. M.

that is, or ought to be, somewhere in Oxfordshire : not many miles distant from Fair Rosamond's Bower in Woodstock Park.

Angler. The same : and if he had lived there some fifty years ago, he had been as deserving to receive the dedication of *THE SECRETS OF ANGLING, teaching the choicest tooles, baits, and seasons, for the taking of any fish, in Pond or River*, as Mr. Roger Jackson's 'worthy and 'respected friend, Mr. John Harborne of Tackley, in the county of Oxford, Esquire :'* but that he hath been reserved to these times is one of the joys of my life, for he is a staunch and trusty friend, that will stand by a man in the day of his troubles.

Painter. But I knew not he was a lover of angling?

Angler. Marry is he : and since you are become one of our fraternity, I could desire you no greater pleasure than to sit by the side of a river in his company, and hear him make a choice of passages out of Mr. Walton's book ; and he especially loves that innocent conversation, and those songs of the milkmaid and her daughter ; which I hold to be a more rural and engaging picture of primitive manners, than is to be found in any writing :—I will not make an exception of brave Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia* ; or Will Shakspeare's "Lover's Lament."

* See Note p. 28.—ED.

Painter. I wish that friend were here—what pleasures he would find in Dove Dale!

Angler. Ay, and next to that I wish I now had a letter he wrote me some days before I left my house, that I might give you the perusal thereof; it was about an Otter hunt he saw near to Guy's Cliff in Warwickshire; and I declare to you he pictured that Otter hunt to my mind with all the naturalness of Mr. Walton, when he met his friend VENATOR at Amwell Hill. And this I may tell you, he hath a delicate hand on a fly rod, and knows more secrets of angling than most others: and both loves and endeavours the art of husbandry, that is worthy of an English Gentleman's practice—insomuch he is acquainted with most of Thomas Tuffer's '*Hundreth Good Pointes of Husbandrie.*' — — But we are entered into Mill Dale—so now, if you please, we may pass into Staffordshire by this bridge, over the river, and then look out; for yonder you may see something you have met before.

Painter. What is that?

Angler. Why, Sir, have you forgotten the Wheelbarrow Bridge? and there is Hanson Toot on your left hand, and that slippery zig-zag path which leads to Ashbourne.

Painter. And so it is indeed! there is the

very spot where we caught our first brace of trouts ; but do not tell me we must part with the Dove so soon.

Angler. Not for the world ! but rather walk to Ashbourne along the river, where we shall find fresh occasions for pleasure and surprise on both margins—so cross the bridge, and look you do not tumble.

Painter. Trust me, ‘ *I can go by myself.*’—Why what a fine display of rocks ! We have met with nothing like them for boldness ; they are thrown about in a delightful confusion. What natural arches are those cut in the cliff, that falls perpendicular into the dell,—and yonder high pinnacle which stands alone on the other side ?

Angler. These are called the ‘ Dove Holes,’ and that is dignified with the name of the ‘ Shepherd’s Abbey.’—Now you are come to

DOVE DALE ;

now you see crags on crags of all shapes ; and the Dove grows more proud and swelling, seeing herself to be ornamented with such land-skip.

Painter. And that is not to be wondered at : you are as good as your promise, for I declare this is one of the most beautiful dales in all

England. Let us tarry awhile, that I may endeavour to sketch this delightful prospect as a memorial. 'Twill be a day to speak of hereafter. Every step I take I am more enamoured of your river.

Angler. See yonder rock, on the other side, that has slipped from the mountain, and stands out with a look of defiance.

Painter. And which are these to the left hand?

Angler. One is the 'Steeple Rock,' and the other the 'Watch-Tower.'

Painter. My pleasure is more than I can express. Think of the nobleness of nature; what tongue can articulate—what pencil can describe these combinations of a grand design? O Sir! think how God hath planted a paradise on earth, for 'bad man' to refresh himself in; and times and seasons, and woods and rocks, and rivers, and the glorious sun in his tabernacle of the heavens, all appointed for the delight of his creatures; so that, turn whithersoever they will, their eyes cannot look off from a miracle:—and oh! why is it that our hearts are not attunable to those high hallelujahs which are sung to the sound of golden harps, from throne to throne, by angels in heaven, who being '*arrayed in white garments with palms in their hands, and*

'crowns of gold on their heads, sing the song of the Lamb for ever :' this we know to be their present glorious occupation ; man only has no desire for such a transporting joy : he will forget God in the very midst of his great and marvellous works. But I beg you pardon, Sir ! I was carried beyond myself by these river prospects.

Angler. It is all very enchanting, and begets in a spiritual mind high thoughts of our Maker's goodness and glory ; and now whilst you work out your picture of the landskip, I'll try to kill a brace of trouts. And by and by, when we are arrived lower down, we will recline ourselves beneath a large flowering hawthorn tree that I know of, and there you shall put out your angle-line to fish for itself.

Painter. Agreed : and I have not seen a river of so much promise.

Angler. Look how the water crisps over the shelving rocks, and is thrown back into the eddies ; being, as Mr. Cotton says, *'so straightened in her course between the rocks,'* she has a greater swiftness than ever.

Painter. Well then, go you and fish downward, and I will follow when I've made my picture. — —How now, Sir ; how has it fared with you ?—tell me what luck.

Angler. I have caught two brace of trouts and a skipjack, that I put into the river again. And now we are come to the great hawthorn tree, that is worthy of note for its spreading branches.

Painter. So here let us rest our legs; and now I hold you to your promise, that my angle should fish for me at breakfast time; so, by your leave, I'll fit my tackling, that I may make a trial underneath this broad cascade. — I am prepared.

Angler. Now drop in your line flyly, and beware you do not splash the water; and then come back to me, and I'll prepare breakfast, which we have honestly earned by our two hours' walk. Then we may drink a cup merrily, and sing songs in DOVE DALE.

Painter. I have done as you bid me, and put my quill in a secret place, where I promise myself a trout.

Angler. Do not doubt it: and therein is the great praise of angling,—that hope is not only reasonable, but is enjoined upon them that practise it; and but for that, angling might be a dull recreation. And now recline yourself underneath this hawthorn, and entertain your thoughts with the prospects I have brought you to.

Painter. Indeed, the delightfulness of all I

fee, cannot be expressed by words ; and I beseech you what great cavern is at the top of that rock ?

Angler. That is ‘ Reynard’s Cave ’—it is an admirable contrivance of nature, and if you please, we may clamber up, and pay master Reynard a visit in his Hall.

Painter. You will not easily persuade me to that ; why, Sir, it is perpendicular !

Angler. Well, well ; as you please—nevertheless you would find no difficulty worth the naming. And yonder is a rock called ‘ Pickering Tor,’ and that is the ‘ Iron Chest : ’—but come, take your cup ; and here is delicate meat, so fall to’t.

Painter. It is excellent—and now my service to you and to that honest angler we both know of—that meek friend of yours who described the hunting of the Otter, near to Warwick, with so eloquent a pen.

Angler. That is well remembered ; and may he never want opportunity to take his recreation in a clear stream ; and now once more ; for I must drink to another that I love as my own soul—that ordained Priest of our Holy Church, one of the ornaments and the delight of Merton College in Oxford. I may not break out into an eulogium that his disposition would

rebuke, if he were present with us : but he cannot deny me the joy to drink his health ;—so join with me !

Painter. Most gladly—fill up, Sir ! Where was he last heard of ?

Angler. Near to the Rialto at Venice ; but he now walks in his leisure about the Colosseum in Rome, or the Baths of Titus, or it may be in Dionysius's Ear at Syracuse, in Sicily ; for thither he purposed in his mind to go.

Painter. And I joy to think that, as in some other concurrences, so in his travels he is like to Sir Henry Wotton, who '*laid aside his books*' (that he loved so well) '*and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind, to adorn his mind and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge.*' And this is declared of Sir Henry Wotton, by Mr. Izaak Walton, in his life of that excellent scholar. And may your, no less learned and esteemed, kinsman have all his wishes : for these I know to be full of moderateness, peace and contentment, and to have their beginning and ending in his blessed Master's service.

Angler. That is true : and so, here's a distant health to thee,

' HENRICE, MI OCELLE,'

from the banks of Dove to Tiber.

Painter. Salveto ! ‘ *Henrice, mi ocelle.* ’—

Angler. As Sir Henry Wotton was called by that learned Italian ALBERICUS GENTILIS, and by divers of Sir Henry’s dearest friends, and many other persons of note during his stay in the University.*—And now, brother, do you look and see if you have chanced to make a catch.

Painter. How now ?—my float has disappeared !—Trust me I have a knabble—there is a large trout has taken me. I thought that was a likely fall—see how he turns and wriggles, and how he throws off tuggingly. Here is an angler’s delight ! and all this on the margin of the Dove !

Angler. Beware of him ; thus—

Painter. By your leave, Sir ! let me have all the honour to myself : so, so—now he dives down, and up again with a leap ; look at his twistings and turnings !

Angler. Ay, he’ll soon give over. There, now we may net him, and a fine fish he is ; not less than two pounds weight. What would your master Walton say to this ?

Painter. I hope he would applaud me.

* Walton’s Life of Sir Henry Wotton.

Angler. Come, try for another; this is a likely hole. Look you; there's another bite; now check him—ah! he's broke away.

Painter. Indeed he has: I'm sorry I lost him. I'll try again—look you! another!—now, Sir tumbler, you may do your worst.

Angler. Point the top of your rod to those cliffs; you are all right;—see how he shakes the tackle, give him line, for he's a strong fish.

Painter. Trust me, he's bigger than the last; the water is so clear you may see him struggle: now he drives against the stream.

Angler. Turn him back, or you may lose him behind that stone. 'Tis well done—*'why what a dangerous man are you!'*—here's the net, and now he is landed!

Painter. I thank you. This is a sport indeed! O the contentment of happy anglers! how many years I have lost since you first invited me to go a-fishing: but I was then deaf to your persuasions, and I would never believe you. Well, I declare it hath a gayness that is admirable. But come, I would not be so selfish as to wish for more, until I see you handle a trout.

Angler. Well;—let us try lower down. But first of all let us have a song; and do you begin.

Painter. What shall I sing?

Angler. Let it be that sonnet to the spring in
Sir John Davies's *Aftrea*—' *Earth now is green,*
' *and heaven is blue.*'

Painter. Well—and so it shall.

' E-arth now is green, and heaven is blue ;
L-ively spring which makes all new,
J-olly spring doth enter ;
S-weet young funbeams do subdue
A-ngry aged winter.
B-lasts are wild, and seas are calm,
E-v'ry meadow flows with balm,
T-he earth wears all her riches ;
H-armonious birds sing such a psalm
A-s ear and heart bewitches.
R-eserve, sweet spring, this nymph of ours,
E-ternal garlands of thy flowers,
G-reen garlands never wasting ;
I-n her shall last our state's fair spring,
N-ow and for ever flourishing
A-s long as heav'n is lasting !'

Angler. I thank you, and now because you
have sung these cheerful verses, I'll give you a
song, ' apt both for viols and voices,' by John
Wilbye.

Painter. Come then ! and sing it finely.

Angler. I'll do my best to please you.

Happy streams, whose trembling fall,
With still summer softly gliding,
Happy birds, whose chirping call
With sweet melody delighting,

Hath moved her flinty and relentless heart
To listen to your harmony,
And set securely in these downs apart,
Enchanted with your melody.
Sing on and carol forth your glee,
She grants you leave her 'rays to see.'
Happy were I could love so delight her;
But aye, alas! my love doth despite her.

Painter. — An exceeding sweet melody, and I beseech you sing it over again; and after that I shall be ready to go with you. So—I like it even better than at first.

Angler. Come now, let us pack up the wallet, and take our walk.

Painter. I am all ready. But what is here? we are come to a stop.

Angler. Away with you: 'tis a sound footing at bottom, and scarce knee deep.

Painter. Halt, good Sir; you do not expect me to walk into the river.

Angler. If you are resolved against it, here you may stay; for you see how the river washes the very basement of this perpendicular rock, and climb you cannot. Come, Sir, — follow me bravely: it is but '*a spit and a stride*;' or I'll carry you mounted a pick-back.

Painter. O! let it not be said. 'What man dare, I dare;' so lead on, I'll trust up my horse, and be after you. Ah me! I was up to

my knees ; but now I am well past.

Angler. If you will be a fisher, never fear, for it is your proper element : but, Sir, did you hear that trout by the further bank ?

Painter. You may be sure I did, and saw him too.

Angler. Well then, I must needs in and wade, if I would twist my fly thither.

Painter. Trust me, I am not coming after you. I find nothing of that in my master's book ; he declares, ' how the very fitting by the ' river's side is not only the quietest and fittest ' place for contemplation, but will invite an ' angler to it ; ' and think you, he would bring his scholar to sit under an honeysuckle hedge, and express his cheerfulness when he reclined himself on ' the primrose bank, ' if he meant him to wobble in the water ? and I beseech you, call to mind those thoughts of his, which he turned into verse, ' when he sat on the ' grass, and there wished to meditate his time ' away. '

Angler. 'Tis all very true ; nevertheless, Mr. Walton himself must at sometimes be contented to wet his boots, if he would fill his pannier out of the Dove ; wherefore, delicate Mr. PICTOR, I now leave you to meditate on the silent pleasures of this flowery bank ;

So fit you still,
And watch your quill,
While I the trout entangle.

Painter. That will I do; and you may be as big-hearted and get as wet as you list:—but harkye, Sir; be not over-confident, or you may haste only to stumble. Call to your remembrance Mr. Boyle's Treatise of 'ANGLING IMPROVED TO SPIRITUAL USES,' how Eugenius, having '*espied a convenient nook for his angling, invited his friend Lindamor to share the advantage with him, and began to walk thitherward along the river's brink? but he had not marcht very far when chancing to tread on a place, where the course of the water had worn off the bank, and made it hollow underneath, he found the earth faultier under him, and could not hinder his feet from slipping down with the turf that betrayed him.*'*

Angler. I do remember: and if that should chance to be my predicament, I hope you would have the civility of Lindamor, that '*catcht bold of him, and drew him to the firm land.*'

Painter. O Signor Pescatore, doubt not my charity, though I might not deny myself the

* Occasional Reflections by the Honourable Robert Boyle. 1665.—ED.

same liberty that Honourable Mr. Boyle took with his friend Eugenius, ‘*to make himself merry a while with the disaster when he found it to be harmless.*’

Angler. Well—well, Sir, I give you leave; and let him laugh that wins, I am not afraid of a somerfault if a good fish chop at my fly.

Painter. Farewell then: and I’ll go lower down and please myself.

Angler. Ay, good brother, do so; and pr’y-
thee reach me the landing net before you go.

Painter. There it is, and I wish you may have sport.

Angler. Look you, Sir; I have a fish; ’tis a small one, I grant you.

Painter. Do you call that a fish? he’s a piccolo—a pisciculus;—and listen—methinks I heard him speak.

Angler. Speak? mayhap thou takest him to be ‘*Vox Piscis*, or the BOOK-FISH, contayning three treatises which were found in the belly of a Cod-fish in Cambridge market on Midsummer Eve last.’* And since thou art so imbued

* The incident here referred to, of a book found in the belly of a cod-fish, taken on the Norfolk coast, and brought to Cambridge market, on Midsummer eve, 1626, is no less true than strange. Fuller attests the fact in his *Worthies of England*, folio, p. 359, and says he was

with fish-learning, I beseech you to tell me whether this be a trout, or what other fish I have caught?

Painter. I know not if it be the *Dog-fish*, the *Sea-calf*, the *Porpus* or *Hog-fish*, or the *Ass-fish* called in Latin *Asellus*:—or perchance it may be the *Monk-fish*—the *Mere-man* or the *Mermaid*: all which I remit to your better judgment. But listen, I say; for though I am not so wise a philosopher as Æsop, I have, methinks, suddenly imparted to me his noted intelligence of fishes' language, and certes I hear this one speak.

Angler. Well then, will it please your marvellous wisdom to be our mutual interpreter, and give me the substance of this learned fish's soliloquy?

Painter. It is no soliloquy; for his address is to yourself,—and seeing (or it may be feeling) how you are taking the hook out of his gills

in Cambridge at the time: and in Parr's *Life and Letters of Archbishop Usher*, folio, p. 345, is a letter from his Grace to Dr. Samuel Ward, dated 30th June, 1626, in answer to his communication of the same fact. I have myself seen a copy of one of these treatises, in '*sexto decimo*,' printed in black letter, and entitled '*The Preparation to the Crosse and to Death, and of the Comfort under the Crosse and Death.*' John Frith, who suffered martyrdom in 1533, was the author.—ED.

with a most relentless love, and are going to put him into your basket, he opens his mouth, and in a pathetic voice implores your pity, making his humble suit that you would be pleased to throw him into the river again,—by reason he is young and insignificant, and not so well worth your while as he shall be some time hereafter, *if* you catch him when he is grown more considerable.

Angler. Oh—ho ! Go to—Go to—thou art a wag ; and I beseech you give my duty to him in the same learned hidden language which he hath so eloquently pleaded in ; and tell him I am not one of those fools who quit a certainty for an uncertainty ;—and that a ‘ fish in the pannier’s worth two in the pond.’ But stay—because he is a grayling, and not a trout, I’ll e’en put him in again, and let him grow till Christmas for Mr. Cotton’s amusement. But now look you, brother, saw you that great fish leap from the water ?

Painter. I did ; he looked as big as a salmon ; give him the temptation of your fly.

Angler. Trust me. There he is, I have him fast. So, so, Master Bullyhuff, you are not like the last ; you are for a hard bout, I see. Ah, ah ! this is a trial of strength, and I fear for my tackling.

Painter. In with him, Sir.

Angler. Nay, let me be gentle. Look you, that was his last struggle ; there he lies his length on the water. So, I have him, and he is full eighteen inches long. Well, Mr. Painter ! what say you now to my Dove ?

Painter. I declare to you it is all a bewitchment : my tongue is ready to praise every next turning of the river more than the other ; and I scarce know which to like best, this angling, or the land skips. Look you ! there again are rocks springing up like steeples on this side, and on that : it is all full of surprises.

Angler. Those rocks are called the ‘ Tiffington Spires ;’ for that retired village lies but the distance of a walk to the left, passing through Bentley that you know of ; and here are two rocks that have slid from the cliff, and have thrust themselves into the river ; they are known to be ‘ The Brothers,’ and so I have brought you within a view of Thorpe Cloud.

Painter. Is that Thorpe Cloud ?

Angler. None other, believe me.

Painter. Well, I declare ! he is more changeable than a Proteus ; for here he looks like a beheaded cone.

Angler. And now, brother, you are come towards the end of the Dale.

Painter. Tell me not this sad news : I may not believe it ! or if it be true indeed, let us recline ourselves on these banks by the stream, and meditate for an hour or two, and angle and sing, and angle again ; and after that beguile the time with some passages out of Mr. Walton's book. Or, if we must needs depart, let us first, *'sit down by the waters, and hang our harps upon the willows, and weep.'*

Angler. I am charmed to think how these sweet prospects have engaged and fixed your affections ; and how you are now become a professed angler, and how at some future time you may desire to take another walk on the banks of my River Dove. But, I beseech you, climb with me to the top of this accessible rock, that is called by the country-folk here about, 'The Lover's Leap : ' there you may look back on an upward prospect of the Dove, that is more remarkable than any other you have seen. And after that, you shall explore some quiet nooks and corners by other streams, and hear something marvellous I have to tell you of.

Painter. Well, I am content to follow your footsteps wherever you are pleased to lead me.

Angler. And now we have scrambled up, let us sit on the grass, and tell me what you think ?

Painter. I know not what to think or say. Where shall all these wonders end ! here is one of the most enchanting surveys that this or any other county in England can exhibit.

Angler. Do you observe how the Dale is drawn out to the greatest length possible ? for passing back again by those ‘ Tiffington Spires,’ and the two ‘ Brothers,’ and the rocks above ‘ Reynard’s Cave,’ the eye may look almost as far as ‘ the Shepherd’s Abbey ;’ and all the way along, an exceeding number of pellucid water-falls, and other varieties of the river make this vale an excellent subject for contemplation.

Painter. And the cliffs on either side of the valley are adorned with shady woods, and a singular combination of natural beauties.

Angler. Come then, good brother, let us go down again, and take our walk along the stream to the right hand, as it flows between Thorpe Cloud and that opposite hill ; and here are some leaping stones, where we may now cross into Staffordshire, and part company with our Dove.

Painter. I am sorry to hear it.

Angler. But only for awhile, till we light on her again in some meadows lower down, and then find her swelled by other rivers that may pass for wonders.

Painter. Indeed ! but what is here ? Marry, Sir, I thought not to come again so quickly to the Dove ; methinks she has taken us unaware.

Angler. This is not the Dove, but the river Manifold ; and now do you follow me to the left hand, where I may bring you to a most shady retired spot imaginable.

Painter. How ! another rapid spring, that suddenly starts into life, and in a few yards is a handsome stream ! Let us recline ourselves here awhile.

Angler. I am quite willing ; and methinks, for a near sylvan prospect, we have seen none better since we left Pike Pool ; for here you have a thick grove of trees, and such a calmness as makes it a most enchanting retreat ; and the murmuring waters of this infant brook, with their harmonious cadency.

Painter. And see how the river Manifold hurries away, rejoicing as it were in her liberty.

Angler. And let me tell you, with greater reason than you know of.

Painter. How mean you ?

Angler. Of that hereafter ; but see, there are the lowing cattle come from the meadows to drink ; therefore, I beseech you, compose them into a landscape.

Painter. You shall see presently.— —there
—I have given you the milkmaid's mother,
with her milch kine, and there is 'honest Maud-
' lin' herself, who sung that sweet song to Mr.
Walton and his friend VENATOR ;

' Come live with me, and be my love,
' And we will all the pleasures prove,
' That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
' Or woods, and steepy mountains yield !'

Angler. Bravely done ! On my word, this
picture takes a breathing of life from your pen-
cil ;

' Where we will sit, upon the rocks,
' And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
' By shallow rivers, to whose falls
' Melodious birds sing madrigals !'

not Claude Lorraine, nor Kuyp himself, could
surpass that whole picture, for it has the very
stamp of nature.

Painter. Enough, enough ; let us be going,
and what have we here ? A bridge, and a pretty
village with a little parish church ! Where are
we come to ?

Angler. I have now brought you to Ilam
Church : and see the door is haply open ; so
let us accept this accidental invitation. And
now you are to note, this is the ancient tomb
of good Bertram, who there lies (so much of

him as could perish) and waits for that joyful day of the resurrection, when all the holy angels and the spirits of saints shall meet the coming of our Lord in the clouds of heaven.

Painter. And here is the carved altar that may put the villagers in mind of the Supper of the Lord, and instil into them an earnest desire to partake of the Holy Communion, that they may eat and drink, and feed on Him in their hearts by faith,—and be thankful.

Angler. And see this old font in stone, which hath a sacramental charm ; for therein the people from age to age have brought their sons and daughters to be baptized into Christ's flock, and be regenerated, and made children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. And I may take upon me to say that all these things make this church the centre-point of the secret reverence and holy affections of the peaceful villagers, lifting them up to a revelation of the next world.— But, seeing how time wears apace, I will conduct you forth again : and now look at this high hill, shaped like an amphitheatre, and beneath is the rocky bed of a river.

Painter. A river ! why here is not a drop of water to wet a fly's wing !

Angler. That is true. I said not a river, but

the bed of a river, and of such an one as, had she a tongue, might declare many rarities she has beheld, and dark doings of that prison-house, where she was lately detained against her will : nay, for any thing I know, she might have furnished to that stern regicide, Mr. John Milton, or the great Dante, some arguments for another poem of the shades below.

Painter. How ! you are grown enigmatical.

Angler. Come, then, step with me to this rock in Mr. Port's garden : here is a well in the rock ;—so tell me what you see ?

Painter. I see a great stream pouring itself out in circling eddies from the ground.

Angler. Now mark, that is the river Hamps ; and here she joins herself to another within a few yards distance.

Painter. A second stream ! and bigger than the first, bursts forth in a whirlpool !

Angler. True ; and you are to note this is the river Manifold. See how joyfully she receives that lesser Hamps, and then flows away with her to the shady grove of trees, where you and I so lately reclined ourselves. Trust me they are glad to breathe the air once more, and to play their gambols in the meadows, after their long imprisonment ; for it is a known truth, these rivers have made an underground journey

within the natural caverns of the earth, for some miles distance.

Painter. Impossible ! I would not be so uncivil to disbelieve any thing you say ; but as touching your Staffordshire rivers, you take a traveller's privilege to be marvellous.

Angler. Well, well ; I perceive you think this to be all a fable ; yet it's no less true because it is a wonder : for the last time I came this way I examined into the nature of it ; and, as I am an honest angler, I saw the very inlet, underneath some high rocks, about Whetton Mill, where the waters of the Manifold are gurgled and lost to every eye : and the same of Hamps, that is received into its subterraneous channels, near to a place called the Water-houses. And so they take their circuit through mysterious secret caves and grottoes, which no man has explored, till they make their happy escape out of imprisonment into these gardens, and, as you are now a witness, embrace with mutual gratulations, and hurry themselves away to tell their dark adventures to the matchless Dove.

Painter. Well, I am glad that is the place of their shelter ; and I am enchanted with this romance of the rivers : for, indeed, all the surrounding prospect is fit to be called a fairy land.

There is Thorpe Cloud maintains himself proudly, and this circle of opposite hills, and the church, with its ancient porch and tracery of windows, all of painted glass, beside Mr. Port's mansion-house, and his ornamental gardens.

Angler. It is indeed all very fine ; but it's time to be gone, so let us follow these rivers till we are come to the bridge. See, here it is, and now we may cross over and walk by the right bank of the Manifold ; and so we are once more come to the stream that we both love better than any.

Painter. Is this the Dove ?

Angler. The same ; she is just from the foot of Thorpe Cloud, by yonder channel to the right hand ; and now that we are arrived at this high bank, look again upon the landscape. There the Manifold joins itself to the Dove, and there are those meadows, which 'are too pleasant to be looked upon, but only on holidays ;' and see the mountains that are now darker than they were two hours ago, which is our warning that we are not yet come to Ashbourne ; so thither away.

Painter. As you please, brother ; but remember, on this only condition, that we walk on the brink of the Dove, as far as we may.

Angler. That is a short pleasure ; for here is another bridge will bring us into Derbyshire ; and now methinks I see Mapleton Church before us ; so we must take our farewell of Dove.

Painter. Alas the day !

Angler. Well, well ; let us catch some trouts, and then be going.

Painter. Ay, so we will. Look you, Sir, my tools are fitted.

Angler. So soon ! then ply your work—each for a brace.

Painter. It is agreed. I will this way down to the stream.

Angler. So be it ; and I for yonder bent, where the water runs crisping.

Painter. Away with you ! I'll lay the odds on Master Walton's cork and bait, against Mr. Cotton's fly.

Angler. Done—the wager ?

Painter. He that takes the first brace shall mix a cup of good Canary at Mapleton, and the other shall pay the scores without grudging.

Angler. I am content—so do your worst—

Painter. Well, good brother, what sport ? I have caught but one, and that's a troutlet.

Angler. Indeed ! look you, here is a couple of big ones.

Painter. Ah ! well—I'm but a prentice in

the art : I confess I've lost my wager, and am ready to pay the forfeit.

Angler. Well : that's like an angler, honestly spoken—so let us away.

Painter. But make me this promise, that we may (God willing) come hither again, next summer, a-fishing ; and so read that book of Mr. Walton, whom I love better than ever I did, because you have taught me how many pleasures are to be found in his recreation of angling.

Angler. Trust me, I shall want no persuasion to walk in your company by the Dove, in the merry month of May, and then do nothing but angle and rejoice, as you know we have done these last days, and 'sat as quietly
' and as free from cares, under hawthorn trees
' and rocks, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus
' did beneath their broad beach tree : ' so says Mr. Walton ; and now let me read you these natural thoughts out of his book.—Here it is :
' No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy
' and so pleasant as the life of a well governed
' angler ; for when the lawyer is swallowed up
' with business, and the statesman is preventing
' or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip
' banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves
' selves in as much quietness as these silent silver

‘ streams, which we now see glide so quietly
‘ by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may
‘ say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of straw-
‘ berries, “ Doubtless God could have made a
‘ “ better berry, but doubtless God never did ;”
‘ and so (if I might be judge,) God never did
‘ make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation
‘ than angling.’

Painter. Every word is true. And what a
thankful heart my master has !

Angler. Ay, truly ; and hear how he per-
suades every man to thankfulness ; he said to
his companion, ‘ Let us not forget to praise God
‘ for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have
‘ enjoyed since we have met together. What
‘ would a blind man give to see the pleasant
‘ rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and foun-
‘ tains we have looked upon, since we met to-
‘ gether !’ And now we are come to Mapleton,
and here’s a clean alehouse ; and the host is a
modest man, and hath a fine smooth bowling-
green ; so before we go back to Ashbourne, let
us rest awhile, and refresh ourselves with the
cup you are to pay for. Come, host, bring us
a bottle of that Canary wine you gave me the
last time I was this way in company with a
gentleman fisher ; and remember the lemon
stuck round about with spices, and some of that

sweet cake, that we may be merry with discretion, as all true anglers are wont to be. There is a large trout for our civil hostess, with my service to her. And now, brother, let us walk into the garden, that is so neat and handsome; here you have a various herbal, fit for a country house-wife, like our hostess: here is hyssop, marjory, and penny-royal, and thyme, and all kinds of fruit-trees.

Painter. It is all very good, and here is the bowling-ground; it looks like a green velvet. Look, how exceeding smooth;—how the bowls glide along! Where is the jack? Come, let us play at bowls till the Nectar is ready.

Angler. Agreed: there, I have set the jack; now do you bowl first.

Painter. Nay, after you; so, so, master, you are short of the jack: look, look, mine is the nearest.

Angler. Nay, it is a measuring cast; but here goes one will overlay him. Pish! I have shot him over wide—he had an untrue bias.

Painter. Well, then; here's another.

Angler. That was curiously pitched: now for a last endeavour. Ah, me! that has knocked your first bowl to the jack: I am sure he was wrong biased.

Painter. Well, I thank you; and so, let me

try this;—and now another.

Angler. The game is yours.

Painter. And here comes the host. Let us have our repast under this yew tree, that is not less than a hundred years old; here is a table, —and settles ready prepared.

Angler. With all my heart, for it seems a pleasant arbour. Come, Sir, fill the glasses.

Painter. The liquor is exceedingly good: and this even Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton would declare, if they were cup-and-can with us. I doubt not but they are acquainted with this ‘*honest ale-house*,’ and have rested themselves on these settles, after a day’s fishing in the Dove, and been refreshed with a cup of good barley wine, and sung *Old Rose* together, and played at bowls on this green turf. Do you remember that bowling ground by the Tower? Think what a choice prospect was there! On one side the fishing-house, and on another the mansion that we looked over so pleasantly.

Angler. That was indeed a charming prospect! Then have you forgot the flower garden at the foot of the Tower, and Mr. Walton’s and Mr. Cotton’s portraits, and all the landskips in the fishing-house, which you painted in your book; and after that Pike Pool, where you landed that big trout; and the great Hall, and

your master Walton's chamber?

Painter. No more, no more,—lest I forget all discretion, and, retracing my footsteps, hie me back to Beresford. O! that place is a delight for innocent anglers. There a man is raised to an excess of pleasure; he may go forth in the morning and hear the birds 'warble forth their ditties:' the rocks, and the woods, and the merry streams are the books he reads in; the sun, and the clouds, and the wind are his oracles to consult; and the speckled trout is his play-fellow, that makes her gambols and her somersaults for his entertainment. Call you this an idleness? It were a pretty treason to deny that it is the most refined, gentle, and gay-some recreation that a man may indulge in; that is to say, for his leisurable hours,—since only then it may be reasonable.— —

Angler. Hey day, Master! not so fast; 'a man need to have the patience of Job, that he may sit silently by the river, and look down at nothing but his float.*

Painter. Nay, did I say that?

Angler. 'Nevertheless, I cannot but pity your dumpy anglers, that wait so meekly for their fortunes, as to seem fixed with all the

* See back p. 8.—ED.

‘ gravity of carved statues on the margin of
‘ their streams*———’

Painter. Enough, enough ; I said that in ignorance of the joys of anglers. I will never be a scoffer again ; and I beseech you to blot those words from your memory, and note me down your willing companion this way a-fishing, every year that God gives us health for such a sweet walk in the month of May. For remember, this life is short, and is not in our own hands ; ‘ *it is as a flower of the field that fadeth :*’ and what says Mr. Robert Herrick, whose verses you both love and sing so well ?

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon :
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song ;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.

* See back p. 8.—ED.

We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away,
 Like to the Summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

But come, brother, you must make me a return for these lines ; and then let us be going, for I have appointed a servant with my horses to meet me in Ashbourne, that I may reach my house at ————— to-night.

Angler. Well, then, if I give you a plaintive ditty, put it to the account of our parting : it is that sweet sonnet from the *Passionate Pilgrim*, composed by the greatest bard of the last or any other age.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a grove of myrtles made ;
 Lambs did leap, and birds did sing ;
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring.
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn ;
 And there sung the dolefull'ft ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie—fie—fie—now would she cry,
 Teru, Teru, by and by.

That to hear'her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain :
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,
None take pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee ;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.*

And now, good brother, it is almost time to be at home.

Painter. Well—I'll pay the reckoning, and then let's away : but what is here ?

Angler. We are come again to a lower part of the same Bentley Brook we saw before ; so let us pass over ; and now we are to the top of the hill.

Painter. What noise was that ?—

Hark, hark, I hear the dancing,
And a nimble morris-prancing.

Look over the hedge : there they are ! there is a troop of lads and maidens down in yonder green meadows a-dancing.

Angler. And so they are !—tripping it merrily round to the tabor and pipe.

* Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Painter. And, look you, there's a bevy of innocent milkmaids, leading a fine fleck cow for a whipt syllabub: see how she is deck'd with ribands and scarfs, and wreaths of flowers, and her horns tipped with gold.

Angler. And there the young woodmen begin to dance with the maidens in blue kirtles: how they foot it to the measure! Out upon the cares and tumults of a court life. I do love to see these honest country junketings, and I pray that merry England may always have a race of happy peasants, and not let melancholy Precifians* forbid them to rejoice their tired spirits with lawful sports in the flowery meadows and greenwoods. Hark! how they laugh their sorrows away.

Painter. But stay awhile: they have set themselves down upon the grafs; let us see what they will do.

Angler. Hift — hift — they are challenging each other to sing—and now they have begun their

SONG.

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing; Falalalalala.

* In 'The King's Majestie's Declaration concerning 'lawful sports,' Puritans and Precifians are designated 'as Adversaries of our Church.'—ED.

Each with his bonny las
Upon the greeny gras. Falalalala.

The spring clad all in gladness
Doth laugh at winter's sadness: Falala.
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground. Falalalala.

Fye then, why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing: Falala.
Say, daintie nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break?
Falalalalala.* Falalalala.

Painter. There's a ballet for you! a most merry madrigal set to music by a choice hand.

Angler. And now they are silent: and there come the little maids with baskets of bride cakes, and knots of ribbands at their bosoms, with nosegays and bunches of rosemary in their hands.

Painter. Now trust me, it is some rustical wedding day; and there you may see the bride in the midst, in a russet gown, and a kirtle of fine worsted.

Angler. And there goes the bride cup, all streaming with bride laces of red and white, and full of spiced posset, that the bridegroom

* First Book of Ballads to five voices. By Thomas Morley, 1600.—ED.

serves her with :—and look you, the tankards are passing round.

Painter. See—see ! the lusty woodman has put on his high crown'd hat, turned up with a silver clasp, and leads out his bride to the dance : mark with how special a coyness she gives him her hand ; but you may depend she will foot it with the best as soon as she begins.

Angler. There's the bagpipe again : by my word, Sir, they are going to Canary it. Now look at my Gentleman in his yellow stockings, and his fellows all ready.

Painter. No, no : they are for a Corantoe. Is it not excellent ? with what a gravity they frolic it up and down.

Angler. Ay, 'tis a merry bridal,

Whilst youthful sports are lasting,
To feasting turn your fasting ;
With revels and with wassails
Make grief and care your vassals :

but come, we may not tarry.

Painter. Well then I am with you. So farewell ! ye peaceful sons and daughters of nature : and may ye never want a spiced bride ale to make you cheerful and thankful hearts withal.

Angler. Hither away then ; and now you

may see the town of Ashbourne in the valley, which is to be my resting place to-night.

Painter. Alas! I am very loth to part with you; but thou shalt be remembered in my prayers. And one thing I am resolved, when on occasion the cares of life come against me, or the fears of greater afflictions, I will then say to myself, 'It is now but so and so before the month of May, when I will throw off all my moody thoughts on the banks of some retired river, and it may be by the side of Mr. Cotton's fishing-house.'

Angler. It is bravely resolved, and the more so, because I know by experience, how a seclusion from the noisy world is a favourable aid and opportunity for religious services,—helps to soften the affections, and inclines them to a sublime love to God,—and if that be wanting, all others do but delude.

Painter. True; and consider the motives we have to that love; think of that proper and peculiar attraction—loveliness; and indeed Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle has declared, how such was the freeness of God's love towards us, and so entirely was that love its own motive, that even our existence in the world is the effect of it; nay, He even '*loved us before the foundation of the world.*' And consider again

the rich discoveries of His free love in sending His Son to redeem us. Think of the Divine glory shrouded in the veil of manhood, and so tempered to the weak eyesight of a fallen race ; of His weariness and watchings—of the buffet, mocking, and scourge, the injurious condemnation, and the uplifted Cross. And let us not forget how God loves to dwell, by His Spirit, in them whom He has drawn and disposed to love His Son : ‘ *He that loveth me,*’ said the blessed Jesus, ‘ *shall be loved of my Father, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*’

Angler. Vast and exalted love ! Oh the extreme abjectedness of our hearts, that cannot soar up to the skies, and there be ravished with a contemplation of such glorious love. It is enough to stir our penitential flame, to think of the dulness of our apprehensions ! Let us often secretly, and alone by ourselves, pray for divine grace, that our souls may be able to rise to the throne of HIM that only can strengthen them. I might enlarge, but now I must stop here : only this is most certain, the angler’s retirement is sweetened by a contemplation of God’s attributes ; and the breath of praise perfumes even the banks of flowers he reclines himself upon, ‘ *for the prayers of saints are golden vials*

'full of odours.' And if he desires the best company, let him join the heavenly choir in spiritual adoration. Therefore, let all lovers of the angle be lovers of prayer, because they have best opportunity to it; and I would have them be lovers of God, for they have most reason to be so. And now, brother, the Talbot is before us, and there is your waiting man.

Painter. This parting comes too soon: do you remember how *'the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul?'** and how, when they parted, they kissed one another, and wept one with another: and *'Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David!'*†

Angler. And so he did, and also *'his sword and his bow, and his girdle,'* for *'he delighted much in David.'*

Painter. Well, then, here is a parting gift, that is offered with a love equal to Jonathan's, notwithstanding this testimony is so unworthy: here is my little book, that is no longer a blank book, but full of rude pictures: they are all your's, and welcome. They will bring to your mind some thoughts of the mutual pleasures we

* 1 Sam. xviii. 1.

† xviii. 4.

have felt along the banks of the Dove : and you may remember from them, that it was out of love for you I came this walk ; and how you rewarded me beyond my hope, because you taught me some inward secrets, and sent me back to my house a happy composed ANGLER.

Angler. Indeed, dear brother, I'm in a strait how to answer you ; only let me embrace you, as those loving friends kissed one another ; and when I next go angling, '*thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.*'* But we have made a covenant, like Jonathan and David, and let it be for the 'glorious twenty-ninth of May.' And for this book of drawings, I shall esteem it to be more precious than any thing else I know of ; and indeed I love you for this and many other bounties you have bestowed on me. And now you may oblige me in one thing more, for my consolation at parting.

Painter. Any thing you desire is, in a manner, performed.

Angler. It is this : here is my angle rod, and my landing net and pouch—I beseech you, let them obtain your acceptance. I do not say it out of ostentation, but there are some flies in that pouch that are artfully twisted ; and above

* 1 Sam. xx. 18.

all others, I present you with the COMPLEAT ANGLER, in two parts, writ by Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton ; therein we have found many passages of true piety, that may sometimes again contribute to your peace and contentment.

Painter. A thousand thanks to you ; and I accept these gifts of your love as freely as they are offered ; and when we meet again, you shall give me some instructions in your better art of fly-fishing. And now ‘ *I salute you with a holy kiss—Go in peace.*’

Angler. Farewell, brother ; and remember always how the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price.—‘ *Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.*’* We have had some innocent days of leisure amidst the beauties of the natural world : but let us not forget to give all diligence in our journey to the glories of the spiritual world. For these pleasures of the earth are but a faint shadow of the blessedness of the heavenly Sion. Let us be prepared in the whole armour of Christian soldiers, that when our temporal warfare is accomplished, we may receive an eternal crown ; and rest and refresh ourselves beside the ‘ *pure*

* Heb. xii. 14.

*‘ river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.’**
Once more, farewell !

* Rev. xxii. 1.



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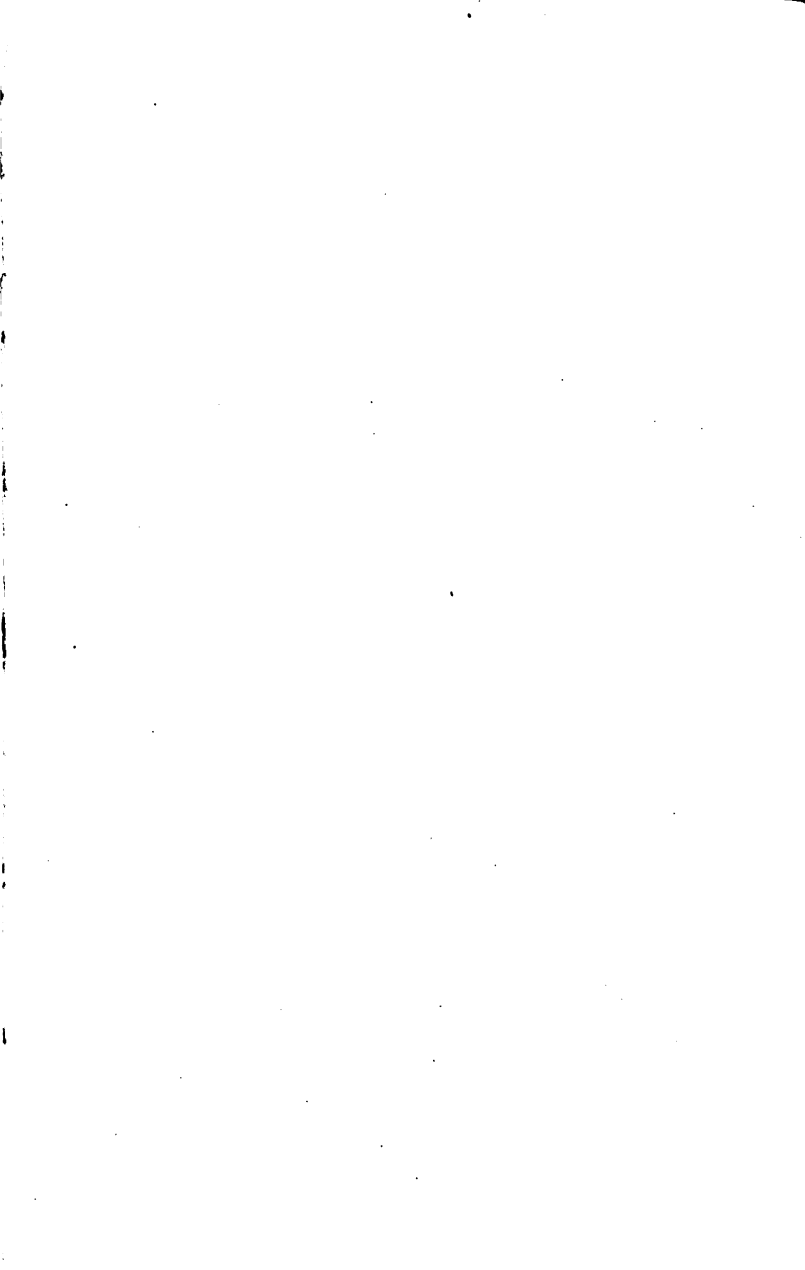
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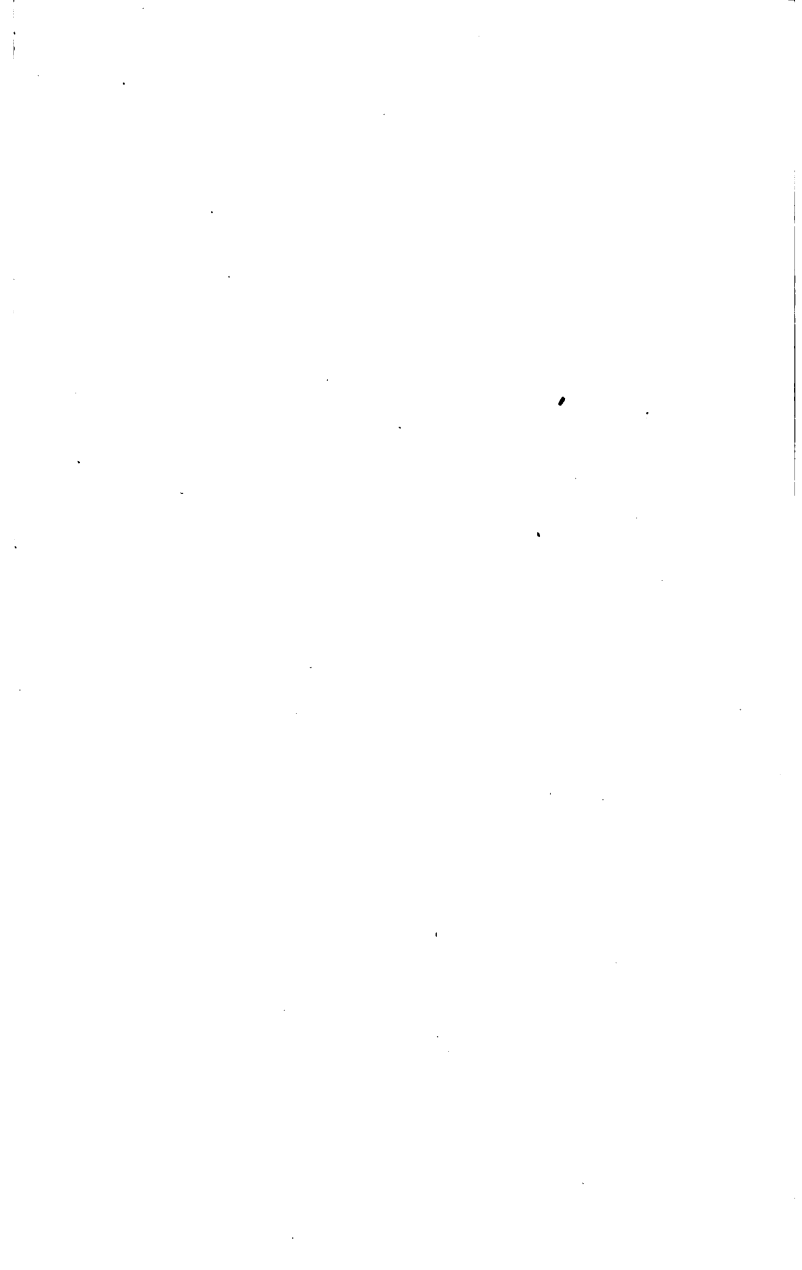
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